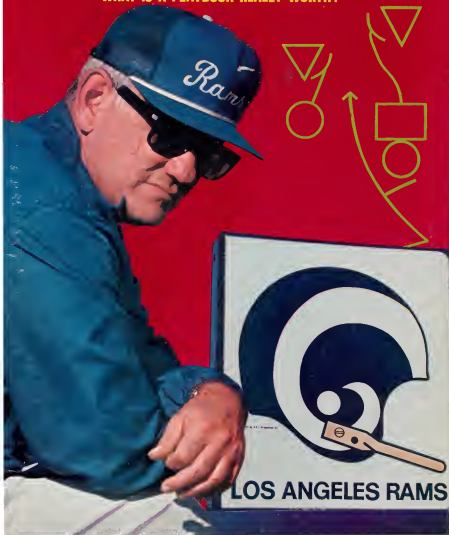


Sports Illustrated

JULY 24, 1972 60 CENTS

THE PROTHRO PAPERS

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Next week

ON THE ROAD with Messrs. Blue, Hunter, Holtzman, Jackson, Epstein et al. Ron Fimrele describes how it is to travel with the Oakland A's, the fast-moving team in baseball.

THE GRAND OPENING of pro football's training season celebrated with a photographic tribute to first-week sweat and strain, plus one man's account of getting used by Kansas City.

A WOMAN SCORNED is annoyed forever, or so it might seem in the case of Robyn Smith, who can afford to smirk at her detractors now that she has succeeded as a jockey.

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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

LOW BLOW

With a roundhouse right to the ankle, the National Hockey League has struck its first blow against Bobby Hull in retaliation for Hull's \$2.75 million defection to the World Hockey Association. Hull was the only WHA recruit named last week to the squad of Team Canada, which will play an eight-game series against the U.S.S.R. in September—one of the most interesting hockey confrontations of all time. But, as part of their agreement to provide players for Team Canada, the NHL owners—13 of the 16, incidentally, are Americans stipulated that no one could play unless he had signed his NHL contract by Aug. 13, starting day of Team Canada's training camp. Hull, of course, already had signed with Winnipeg of the WHA. Five other Team Canada players—Derek Sanderson and Gerry Cheevers of Boston, Brad Park and Rod Gilbert of New York and J.C. Tremblay of Montreal—have not yet signed NHL contracts and are presumed to be negotiating with WHA teams.

The NHL's actions enraged not only Hull but millions of Canadians who have suffered for more than a decade as the Russians repeatedly routed their teams in amateur and Olympic hockey competition. A Toronto paper bannered, "NHL SAYS BOBBY CAN'T PLAY FOR OUR TEAM. CITIZENS FROM NOVA SCOTIA TO BRITISH COLUMBIA FIRED TELEGRAMS TO PRIME MINISTER PIERRE TRUDEAU ASKING HIM TO INTERVENE IN HULL'S BEHALF. TRUDEAU AGREED WITH THE FANS BUT REFUSED TO CONSIDER THE LAW ON GROUNDS THAT TO DO SO MIGHT JEOPARDIZE THE CONTEST ITSELF."

"It's obviously the NHL against the Russians," Hull said. "Not Canada. Now they'll have to change the name of the team to Hockey NHL. If the NHL can call it Team Canada and still look at themselves in the mirror, then let them go to it. It's about time everyone realized what type of organization they [the NHL] are."

As the brouhaha between Hull and

the NHL escalated to the point where it was a main topic of informal conversation in the House of Commons, there was at least one sensible NHL owner who sided with Hull. "I don't give a damn if Hull plays in China," said Harold Ballard of the Toronto Maple Leafs, "he's still a Canadian citizen."

AND IN THIS CORNER...

Women's Lib could scarcely ask for more than what has happened to Barbara B. Dunn. Mrs. Dunn, mother of three, has been appointed boxing commissioner de facto of Connecticut, where there is no boxing. And Mrs. Dunn never has seen a professional fight.

The sport was outlawed by the state's General Assembly in 1965, but has been reinstated. The likelihood, though, is that there will be no boxing in Connecticut until October 1973. Mrs. Dunn, who has been consulting with such oldtime fighters as Willie Pep, the world featherweight champ of other days, and Chico Vejar, welterweight star of TV's boxing heyday, estimates that it will take a year for her to draft a set of boxing regulations for the state.

THE BIGGER THEY ARE

Steve Michalik's unexpanded chest measures a staggering 52 inches. His thighs are 28 inches, his waist only 27. His upper arms are 20 inches around, his forearms 16. He is Mr. America 1972.

Michalik was wearing a business suit when he boarded a plane at Tampa International Airport the other day, heading home to New York, where his wife would be waiting for him.

When, after 30 minutes, he did not get off the plane at New York, Mrs. Michalik telephoned Tampa to find out if her husband had made the plane. Just as she was told he had indeed made it, out he came, followed by two sky marshals.

Mr. America's chest had been too much for the marshals. They had been unable to believe that it was all Mi-

chalik, not Michalik and a couple of bombs. They made him disrobe in the plane. Then they gaped for a while.

Michalik went off with his wife to a protein supplement lunch.

QUICK, WATSON, THE HORSEFLY

Biologists of the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department have come up with what may be a way to save bighorn sheep from the dread bluetongue disease. The idea is to use stable flies—commonly known as horseflies—as living hypodermic needles.

Bluetongue has been held responsible for the population decline and ultimate extinction of the bighorn in Texas. Now it is planned to use the flies as natural vectors for the vaccination of a herd of big-



horns liberated last year in the Black Gap Wildlife Management Area near Marathon. The flies will first feed on domestic sheep that have been subjected to the bluetongue virus. When the horsefly, now a serum carrier, is turned loose on a herd of bighorns, its bite, it is hoped, will transmit the protective serum to the wild sheep.

THE GAME'S THE THING

This is not to suggest for a moment that one should ignore a heart attack while playing golf or any other game. But it does have something to say about the competitive spirit.

Viktor Ruiz, a 59-year-old Tampa musician and low-handicap amateur, was going quite well after a few holes at the

"We had to triple our line of credit overnight."

Our bank came through."

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*If this were an ordinary gin, we would
have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.
Charles Tanqueray*

Rocky Point course. Suddenly, pain gripped his chest and he doubled over. His partners suggested that he go back to the clubhouse.

"I was playing too good to quit," says Ruiz, "so I hit myself in the gut and the pain went away. I kept on."

The pain came back, but between pangs Ruiz slapped at himself some more. He shot 37 on the first nine and was not about to quit. A friend gave him a Coke and some Rolads.

"I began to feel better," Ruiz recalls, "but soon the pain returned again. This time it was in my arm."

He putted for birdies on the last three holes, making one on the 18th green for 74. Then he all but fell down in a faint. He was rushed home and from there to a hospital, where he was given emergency treatment for the heart attack that had been striking him. He was hospitalized for almost three weeks and is now convalescing.

The incident taught him a lesson, Ruiz says.

"That pain in my arm," he explains, "was one reason I was hitting my long irons so straight. It made me shorten my swing."

IMPORTED BOOTS

Bob Kap, the garrulous football scout who occasionally knows a European soccer player and turns him over to the NFL as a placekicker (SCORECARD, Oct. 4, March 13), still holds to his controversial opinion that European soccer is on the decline and that its stars are beginning to look to American football. This means, he insists, that the invasion of the NFL by soccerstyle kickers is just beginning. "The kickers who have been winning raves in the NFL—like Stenrud, Yepremian and the Gogolaks—are nothing more than fourth-division players by European standards," he says. "The kicker at Cincinnati, Horst Muhlmann, is a little better, but in the near future you're going to see real topflight men. We have a couple already in Tom Fritsch of Dallas and Tony Linhart of New Orleans. The others are like a high school quarterback going to Europe and becoming a star in the newly introduced game of American football. Can you imagine what a star a pro quarterback would be if he was up against a high school quarterback?"

Of criticism that soccerstyle kickers cannot get the ball in the air fast enough,

thus making their attempts easier to block, Kap says, "This might be true of fourth-class players but not the real major-leaguers." He points out that Fritsch last year kicked field goals of 51 and 56 yards in an exhibition game, and during the season made a 46-yarder. "And he was new to the country and the game. Linhart is just as good. He should make 99"; of his attempts inside 45 yards."

NO TAKERS

Because the Philadelphia Phillies do their spring training in Clearwater, Fla., it has been the custom of the Clearwater Chamber of Commerce to sponsor an annual trip to Philadelphia to root for the home team.

This year, though, the Phillies are in last place in the National League's Eastern Division, trailing Pittsburgh by a score or more of games. And despite the chamber's willingness to foot expenses, only two city commissioners expressed interest in the trip, scheduled vaguely for some time in August.

Mayor H. Everett Hougen stepped in, urging city officials to sign up for the pilgrimage. "God knows the Phillies need all the help they can get," he observed.

But the mayor isn't going, either. "I doubt the effectiveness of it," he said.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT

A New York City man who has a summer place in Connecticut took his city-bred tomcat with him when he went off recently for his vacation. He soon noticed a large horned owl hanging around, but aside from having a persistent feeling that someone was watching him he did not think much about it. Then one night he heard a screech, a yowl, the sounds of a brawl, and he thought, "Good Lord, the cat has caught the owl." Apprehensive about what his conservationist friends would have to say if he turned up with a mangled owl carcass, he ran outside to stop the hunt. And there in the dim light he saw the owl spread its great wings and fly off, its talons clutching the now moribund cat.

VOCATION

Rice University recently conferred a Ph.D. in mathematics on Bob Eiter, who previously had won the campus badminton tournament, played quarterback, receiver and defensive back on the cham-

pionship touch-football team, played basketball, baseball, softball, tennis and championship bridge. Besides that, he taught calculus.

With this kind of background Eiter is doing what any other sound-thinking Ph.D. would do. He has signed once more to kick field goals for the Atlanta Falcons.

THE PRECOCIOUS MUSTACHE

As the father of a 12-year-old long-haired boy playing on a Lunada Bay Little League Tournament team, H. E. McDonald of Palos Verdes Peninsula, has been studying the "appearance and grooming code" of the California State and Western Regional Tournament.

It states, sensibly, that "hair, regardless of length, must be well groomed" and thinned out sufficiently so that a safety helmet will fit snugly on the head. But then it adds:

"No part of the mustache will extend over the mouth."

"Nothing, in my opinion," says McDonald, "is more disgusting than a 12-year-old boy with a mustache hanging down over his mouth. . . ."

MOUNTIES GET THEIR CAMERA

While on a fishing trip in the Northwest Territories last year, Per Sundmark of New York City mislaid a \$300 camera. Instead of reporting the loss, he just wrote it off.

Recently Sundmark got a letter from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. They asked if he had lost a camera.

The Mounties had found the camera, developed the film and on one of the pictures spotted the registration of the seaplane Sundmark had rented. The Mounties asked the bush pilot for the name of his passenger. End of mischief.

THEY SAID IT

- Muhammad Ali, on Floyd Patterson, whom he fights Aug. 28, with tongue in cheek: "He's such a nice guy I even let him call me Mr. Clay."
- Walter Hildebrand, 79, of Kansas City, Mo., who bought his first motorcycle in 1909: "It's not like it used to be. You can't outrun the police with their helicopters and radar and all."
- John Mooney, Salt Lake City *Tribune* sports editor, on the questionable delights of a summer vacation in Wyoming: "If summer falls on a Sunday they have a picnic."

END

SLAMMING THE DOOR ON JACK

He stood against one of those sand hills, one foot halfway up the rise, a gloved hand braced on his knee and his head hung downward in monumental despair. He lingered in this pose, with what seemed like all of Scotland surrounding him, with the North Sea gleaming in the background and with the quiet broken only by the awkward, silly, far-away sound of bagpipes rehearsing for the victory ceremony. This was Jack Nicklaus on the next to last hole of the British Open after another putt had refused to fall. It was Nicklaus in the moment he knew, after a furious comeback, that he had finally lost the championship and what might have been the grandest slam in golf. One more putt of any size on any of these last seven holes and Nicklaus would have completed what could seriously have been termed the most brilliant rally the game had ever known.

But one more putt did not drop for Nicklaus, and on the same hole minutes later one more chip shot *did* curl implausibly into the cup for implausible Lee Trevino. Finally, after all the shattering heroics last week at Muirfield, the whole world had a right to feel over-golfed and oversuspended.

The honest fact is, there are two fairly incredible golfers today, Nicklaus and Trevino, and the two of them have been producing so many memorable major championships lately that it is getting hard to keep them straight. The last two U.S. Opens pretty much have been a Nicklaus-Trevino saga, and so have the last three British Opens. It may be well and good to keep talking about Nicklaus' 13 major titles, but think about this: since the 1968 U.S. Open, when he first became a winner, Super Mex has won as many big ones (four) as Nicklaus has over the same period. And, for all of that drama and suspense last week, it was still the happy Mexican who nev-

It was Grand indeed, but the Slam was gone as Lee Trevino chipped in, blasted in and laughed all the way in to win a wondrous British Open

by DAN JENKINS

er stopped providing the comedy that the stifling pressure at Muirfield needed.

Trevino tossed out all the usual lines about God being Mexican or else Nicklaus would still be alive for the Grand Slam; about switching back and forth from the small British ball to the larger American ball and how the American ball always looked like a melon; about the castle he had rented for the week ("They got to have some kind of princess locked up in there someplace"); and about the lukewarm drinks the Scots are accustomed to ("No wonder everybody over here's so wrinkled up"). That was Trevino all week.

It probably can be said that Nicklaus wanted too long to attack Muirfield, that he perished with his own conservative game plan on a course that played easier than he expected because of some unanticipated glory-be weather. When Jack finally turned aggressive for Saturday's closing 18, when he was six shots down and the lads came off his driver and three wood, he shot a 66 to tie the course record and, at one point, miraculously lead the tournament by one stroke. Jack will think long about the holes he let get away during the earlier rounds and he will dwell, too, on the six late putts that refused to disappear into the cups—a 12-footer for a birdie at the 12th, a 15-footer for a birdie at the 13th, an 18-footer for another birdie at the 14th, a four-footer for yet another birdie at the 15th, a three-footer for a saving par at the 16th and, the last gasp, the 20-foot birdie putt at the 17th.

Saturday, the oh-so-memorable Saturday, began with only four potential winners of this Open. Trevino held a one-stroke lead by virtue of a flood of Friday birdies. They came five in a row from the 14th through the 18th, including an astonishing hole-out of a sand shot at 16—which even Lee admitted should have been a double bogey—and the sinking of a 30-foot chip on the last green. Next was Tony Jacklin, who was up there despite a triple bogey during the second round; and then Doug Sanders, who was only four back despite a triple bogey of his own along the way. And finally Jack Nicklaus—if he could muster an Arnold Palmer type of thing.

Jack did exactly that. Through 11 holes, as he was being cheered madly by a rousing British crowd of 20,000, he seemed to be playing, at last, the definitive round of golf. He was perfect with every club, and he had pushed to six under par. "Look at this," Trevino said to Jacklin as they went to the 9th tee. "Nicklaus has gone crazy. We're out here beating each other to death, and that son of a gun's done caught us and passed us."

Two little dramas of high order were going on at this point. Up ahead, the crowds were yelling for the Nicklaus Slam as he strode the length of the 11th fairway toward another short birdie putt. Back at the 9th, Trevino had told his caddy, "We're behind, son. Gamme that driver, we got to make something happen." Trevino absolutely killed his drive at the skinny 9th fairway. He then put a five-iron within 18 feet of the hole and made the putt for an eagle. Suddenly he was back to even par for the day, and back to six under for the tournament. And Jacklin, too, eagled the

continues

Defending champ Trevino boasted that he should have left the trophy home. He was right.



9th, to stay within one shot of Trevino.

Nicklaus, meanwhile, tried to address the birdie putt on the 11th green that would put him in a tie with Trevino at six under. He heard the two roars for the eagles, backed away from his putt and smiled. Then he coldly made the birdie, and once more came an explosion of sound, this time from his own gallery. It was an eerie moment hearing those roars back to back. Trevino remembered later, "After our eagles at 9, I told Tony, 'That'll give Jack something to think about.' Then we heard his birdie roar and I said, 'I think the man just gave us something else to think about.'"

What can be said of Trevino and how he actually won? How can it be accounted for? Nicklaus worked for more than

a week at Muirfield, while Trevino arrived late. Wearing a planter's hat and cracking jokes, he practiced only two days. "I brought this trophy back," he said upon arrival, "but I shouldn't have. It's just going back to El Paso."

The case certainly can be made that this was a lucky win for Trevino, unlike last year at Royal Birkdale when he destroyed the course with brilliant shot-making. After all, he holed out four times—four—from off the greens during the course of 72 holes for his 278. And that is simply indecent.

On the second day he chipped in for a birdie 3 at the 2nd hole from 40 feet with an eight-iron. Then he holed his two ridiculous shots in the third round when he ran off from everyone but Jacklin. The first was from a terrible lie up



Nicklaus' game plan was perfect for the rainy soaring round, but his tee shots were not.



against a bank in a bunker at the 16th. He had just dropped consecutive birdie putts of more than 20 feet at the 14th and 15th. Now he slammed his wedge into the sand. Out spurted the ball in a semi-line drive to take one harsh bounce and dive into the cup for a birdie 2. At the 18th, after two-putting for a normal birdie on the 17th, he chipped out of the weeds for a fifth straight birdie and a 66. "I think things like that happen to a man sometimes when he's trying," Lee said. "I was trying. I was aiming at the cup. I didn't come to Scotland to help Nicklaus win any Grand Slam. If I played golf with my wife, I'd try to beat the daylights out of her."

For all of this, it was one last chip shot that found its way into the hole that rescued Trevino from what looked, at the very end, like a certain victory for Tony Jacklin. Tony had won in 1969, and Tony could win again. Princess Margaret was there; wasn't this an omen?

Trevino had played the par-5 17th like a man choking on the trophy or a sausage roll or perhaps royalty. He drove into a bunker, poked it out, poked it again and then ran a short pitch over the green. Jacklin, meanwhile, was just off the green in two. He chipped on, leaving himself a good birdie chance. He was about to go to 18 with a certain one-stroke lead. Perhaps two. Possibly three.

"I think I might have given up. I felt like I had," Trevino said. "My heart wasn't really in my chip shot." Some-

Even a princess could not help a shaman Tony Jacklin overcome Trevino's magic wands.

thing was. It went in for a saving five. Jacklin, having watched all these crazy shots of Lee's go in for two rounds, now did what was human. He three-putted from 15 feet. And that was that. Trevino got a routine par on 18 for his second British Open to go along with the two U.S. Opens he has won in his five years as a touring pro.

"I feel sorry for Tony, who played really well. And I feel sorry for Jack. But Jack shouldn't have treated me like a butler when I had dinner with him the other night," said Trevino, still joking, still refreshingly Trevino.

In retrospect, one really has to wonder about Nicklaus' strategy, and Jack himself might well look back and question it. Maybe not, however. He is pretty stubborn about such things. He had a game plan for Muirfield and he stuck to it—at least until Saturday.

He arrived early to begin preparations for both the course and the smaller ball. There was nothing wrong with this—or else it could be said that he should not have arrived a week early at Pebble Beach for the U.S. Open. The argument that Jack was overprepared can be discarded. The final round proved as much.

There was tremendous pressure on him. The betting odds were an outlandish 2 to 1 before the championship even got under way and all of the Scottish newspapers were advertising the event as some sort of Nicklaus Extravaganza. *The Scotsman* (Edinburgh), for example, labeled its daily coverage, "The Grand Slam Open," with a portrait of Jack.

Muirfield has been called Scotland's best golf course by many authorities. This does not mean it is the toughest; that is probably Carnoustie in the wind. It means that Muirfield is the most elegant, the classiest, the most subtle, the best conditioned. It is not a long course; it has often been compared to our own Merion, given the right winds. There were one or two par 4s that Nicklaus could reach with a driver if he chose to try—and if he succeeded in hitting it straight enough. There were several others where he could reduce his second shot to a wedge if he hit with a big club off the tee. And there were par 5s he could surely reach in two blows.

Jack, having won at Muirfield in 1966 and sternly aware of the narrow fail-

ways and numerous well-deep bunkers, had decided the only way to play the course was defensively, with caution and patience. He would one-iron it and three-iron it from the tees. On only five holes, depending on the wind, would his woods come out of the bag. "What happened, basically," he said afterward, "is that I didn't hit the other clubs straight."

It was only during Wednesday's first round that Muirfield played like a British Open course should—long, windy and rainy. Nicklaus' 70 that day was a mad scramble as he missed seven fairways on the only day his game plan made sense. When the unusually glorious weather set in on Thursday, Jack woke up and said, "Ye gods, I'll have to shoot 65 just to stay in it. The course will be a piece of cake." Muirfield was bright with sun, windless—and short. But all Jack did was go on missing fairways. Still, the field did not run away from him. And he was due a good round, wasn't he? "I haven't wasted any of my good golf yet," Nicklaus said Thursday night.

He didn't waste any on Friday either. The weather was even more wonderful, and there really weren't that many contenders for him to worry about. The first-day leader, Peter Tupling—was a Tupling worth more than a shilling!—had slipped back the way Tuplings should. A few other British surprises were still around but they wouldn't last. It was only Nicklaus against Trevino, Jacklin, Sanders and Johnny Miller, who had holed a three-wood for a double eagle, and perhaps astonishing Dave Marr, back from nowhere.

Everyone felt that Friday would be the day Nicklaus would explode. Not so. Jack was still missing fairways and was well out of it, two over par going to the 16th hole at the very time Trevino and Jacklin were at their hottest. It was only through a miracle of his very own, a chip in at the 16th, another birdie at the 17th and a struggling par at the 18th, that Nicklaus got home with a 71 and even par through 54 holes. Granted, in any other British Open that might have been fine. But Super Mex and Super Limey and the weather were seeing to it that this was no ordinary championship.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRUDD

A first-round, uphill charge almost kept Jack's dream alive, but fate and his putter did him in.

By attacking Muirfield, Tony Jacklin had met some tragedies, among them his triple bogey on the 13th hole the second day, but he had also stored up some birdies and eagles. Trevino had bounced between birdies and bogeys all along until nothing but birdies turned up late Friday in that mind-bending finish of his. And it seemed clear that Nicklaus had waited too long to change his strategy. But even after he had lost, Jack disagreed, contending, "I'll always believe I played the course the right way and just didn't play well. What can I do about a guy who holes it out of bunkers and across greens?"

He can keep trying for the Grand Slam, which might only exist in a dream, after all. At least as long as Super Mex keeps popping up to interfere with history. **END**



HEADS UP! HERE'S A HORSE RACE

Though little noticed elsewhere, Japan is holding the derby of all derbies, one that dwarfs the world's turf classics with its immense crowds and betting

by SUNGYUNG CHANG



The Samurai were about the only people interested in horse racing in ancient Japan, and perhaps understandably. They would race hell-bent down a field for the honor of decapitating an enemy who was, in effect, the winning post. Scoring by a head or a neck meant a decidedly different thing in those days.

But in the Era of Showa (literally Enlightened Peace, which is the name of Emperor Hirohito's reign), the martial and elite character of that early racing has been forgotten and the sport has become a mass and massive endeavor. Baseball the national game? No way. It draws peanuts in Japan compared with the crowds that pack the tracks.

Despite a drizzle and uncomfortably humid weather, 120,000 people wedged themselves into Tokyo Racecourse 10 days ago for the Japanese Derby. There is no turf spectacle like it. Those vaunted classics at Epsom and Longchamp and Churchill Downs never draw such a horde, nor does the wagering on those derbies of the Western World approach the extravagant outpouring on Japan's big race—\$28.3 million. To cope with such frenetic betting, the track opened 2,183 mutual windows on race day, and the country's 14 off-track betting offices did stampede business as abacuses clacked and computers whirled.

To prevent riots at the gate, the Ja-

pan Racing Association sold more than 100,000 admission tickets to the derby almost a month before the event. In addition, a limited number were made available on the eve of the classic, and fans began lining up four nights in advance to purchase these. This supply was exhausted an hour after the ticket windows opened at 5 a.m. A racetrack filled to capacity—and turning away fans—is a thing unheard of, except in Japan.

At dawn on race day a full program of derby shows began on television and radio. In subways, restaurants and mah-jongg parlors talk was about the race and little else. Thousands of women were among those pushing toward the racetrack on the fringe of Tokyo. Old-line politicians, including the governor of the city, frown on ladies joining in the fray on these occasions, but increasingly this seems to be a minority concern. "Decorum as a traditional mark of Japan's womanhood is O.K. by me," says one track official, "but to stick to it, no mat-

Long Ace (No. 6), the son of an Epsom Derby winner, makes his victory surge in the stretch.



Depressive heat can't cool their yen to bet



The thousands who envelope the paddock before a race give a hint of the fervid interest.

ter what, is no way of ensuring a happy life." The new prime minister of Japan, Kakuei Tanaka, apparently believes in partaking of the fun. He owns a racehorse. Nor does he mind women in the sport; his wife owns three.

The growing popularity of racing—and betting—is viewed by at least one Tokyo psychologist as an important emotional trend in such a crowded land. "Living here breeds friction and tons of frustration," says Kazuo Shimada, a man much esteemed in his profession. "We must have some means of alleviating the pressure, and betting seems to." The elbowing crowd on Derby Day would not seem to provide ease and serenity, but the professor goes on to explain. "Where our interests are the same, we clannish Japanese delight in the multitude, finding in it not solitude but a soothing sense of belonging."

Whatever the reasons for the sport's bonanza, the thoroughbred industry is now big business in the country. For close to a decade Japanese have been crisscrossing the world buying up horses to improve their stock. They are importing an average of 200 stallions and mares each year and are outbidding Americans and Englishmen at prestigious international bloodstock sales. Not long ago a Japanese breeder purchased one of the grand old farms of the Blue Grass, and he is using this Kentucky stud as a base of operations. Six weeks ago a 90-year-old Japanese businessman spent \$1 million to buy Hard to Beat, the favorite in the Prix du Jockey Club (French Derby), and promptly won that prize.

The wisdom and value of these foreign investments was made all the more evident when a colt named Long Ace,

whose sire had been imported from England, took the 39th running of the Japanese Derby. The son of Hard Ridden (an Epsom Derby winner) had never started as a 2-year-old, but at three he has now won six of seven starts. With the \$110,000 derby purse he has earned \$222,000 in all, a sizable amount for a colt anywhere.

Twenty-seven horses started in the

mile-and-a-half derby, with Long Ace the favorite. The race was surprisingly swift from the start, considering the boggy, wet turf. Long Ace bridled his time and it was not until the final strides that he burst from the pack to win in record time—2:28.6. Samurai style, he scored by a neck. The loser was named Land Prince.

In the ceremony that followed, Long Ace was decorated with a scarlet banner and his jockey and owner were draped with ribboned medals. Meanwhile, losing bettors staged a traditional rite, tossing their worthless tickets into the air in a multicolored shower. The moment has an almost esthetic quality, reminding one of a forest full of cherry blossom petals falling to the ground in a gentle wind. Because of this, the Japanese have begun to call their classic the Cherry Blossom Derby.

Imagine calling a horse race that. The ancient Samurai would not have been able to make head or tail of it. **END**

As in Kentucky, the reward is roses. The winning owner gets one, the rider a bouquet.





BORIS IN WONDERLAND

Russia's Spassky played Alice to Bobby Fischer's Mad Hatter in Reykjavik last week as the American challenger threw new tantrums to get his way at the world chess championship

by ROY BLOUNT JR.



Once after a visit to Caracas, Bobby Fischer remarked on how the dictator of Venezuela had chickened out. "He won't go any place unless he has about six cars in front of him and six cars behind," said the chess star, "because he's afraid of being assassinated."

"Well, he nearly was," a companion explained. "His car was blown up and some people were killed."

"Yeah," said Fischer, "but he wasn't in it. And ever since he's been chicken. What kind of dictator is that?"

A similar question piqued watchers of Fischer himself last week—including the champion, Boris Spassky, who must have felt as though, like Alice, he had fallen down a rabbit's hole. The American challenger for the world chess title had as usual been throwing his weight around dictatorially in Reykjavik, Iceland, site of his match with Spassky. But Fischer had also lost two straight games—the first one by an utterly out-of-character blunder and the second one by forfeit when he refused to leave his hotel room. What kind of chess genius was that?

A doomed one, suggested Icelandic Grandmaster Fridrik Olafsson right after Thursday's forfeit. Fischer's whole life is based on the assumption that he is the most compelling figure in chess. He had confidently predicted that this match would make his preeminence official. But his resistance to the playing conditions—he had demanded the removal of all movie cameras covering the match, saying they disturbed him even if he could not see or hear them—might well have cost him any chance at the title. If his intransigence should scuttle this \$300,000 showdown, predicted Olafsson, "it would not be forgotten for a long time. And by then I'm afraid Bobby will be destroyed." It conjured up thoughts of Paul Morphy, the 19th century American chess genius, who quit playing seriously at age 22 on obscure grounds of injured pride.

The comparison with Morphy underestimates Fischer's redoubtable conception of himself. But hardly anyone in Iceland, the U.S. or the rest of the world seemed to care much if Fischer came to such an end last week. The press and public opinion, which had previously celebrated his eccentricities, were fed up.

The week before, Fischer had arrived in Iceland at the eleventh hour, his hold-

out of that moment having ended when an English millionaire sweetened the pot by \$125,000, but now he seemed lost once more. John Lennon and Yoko Ono had recently sent him a chess set with white-on-white squares, all white pieces and this inscription: "For playing as long as you can remember where all your pieces are." But Fischer seemed to see nothing but black pieces. He feuded with his aides. He had committed the dictator's cardinal sin—loss of control.

By Sunday Fischer had tickets on an afternoon plane to New York and the championships seemed doomed, but at the last moment a new accommodation brought him to the chessboard once again. Fischer had never objected to the fixed, unmanned closed-circuit video cameras that had been making a tape recording of the play. So Sunday's game was held in a small room behind the stage and was transmitted to the local spectators on closed-circuit.

The silent setting brought out the old Fischer. In his first-game loss he had rashly thrown away a sure draw by snatching a "poisoned" pawn on the 29th move, allowing his bishop to be trapped behind enemy lines. Then, according to the analysis of Grandmaster Larry Evans, he had missed two chances to salvage a draw. But on Sunday his imaginative Benoni Defense neutralized Spassky's cautious white initiatives, and after an overnight adjournment Fischer swept to his first victory Monday on the 42nd move. The challenger was still down 1-2, but at least the battle was joined.

For all the critical broadsides at Fischer earlier in the week, there was an interesting kernel of rationality in his complaint about the cameras. It is entirely possible that Bobby's weak play Tuesday and Wednesday was influenced by his preoccupation with the filming. "You have to be careful of picking your nose or reaming your ear out when you're on TV," pointed out a U.S. chess official, Fred Cramer. On Tuesday Fischer had sat hunched over the board in a not very photogenic position, but he also refrained from his usual practice of chewing on his hands or jerking his feet.

Certainly the cameras were visible, on two large burlap-covered towers in front of the stage on Tuesday and through a hole in the wall behind the players on Wednesday. And Fischer was not the

only person in the hall who heard a faint whirring sound. He was of course the only person, including Spassky, who minded. But, after all, the rules of the match did guarantee that the official cameras would not disturb the players "in any way." Clearly Fischer was disturbed Wednesday when, on his 44th move, he said, "Excuse me, Benoni," bolted from the table and spent 33 minutes of his allotted playing time yelling, summoning police and eventually getting the cameras shut down for the rest of the day.

All the excuses for Fischer's behavior rest on the assumption that he is a genius—that he must be allowed to do things on his own terms because those terms produce unique and glorious chess. By ordinary standards Fischer was wrong. For example, he refused on Thursday to inspect the cameras, which by then had been completely muffled.

Nor was it surprising that the soft whirr of the cameras was at first audible in the hall. The quiet was eerie. Any crowd murmur was squelched by a neon sign that flashed the English and Icelandic words for silence. Perhaps the absence of crowd buzz and outside noise (Reykjavik is not exactly anechoic) made Fischer's hypersensitive hearing even more acute.

Curiously, Fischer is at once plaintiff and defendant in the same suit. It was Fischer's attraction and acquisitiveness that brought the pressures of big money and mass media to bear on the game, and now he is the one bothered by them. Perhaps his instincts were sound when he refused to perform under those pressures. Chess is not a spectacle. Its viewers do not lounge around drinking beer while vacuously enjoying savage body contact. They are trying to think along with the players. "Chess is the only art in which composition and performance take place at once," points out Fischer's biographer, Frank Brady. Perhaps such an art cannot tolerate too much glare or the whirring of cameras and presses at today's high pitch.

If Fischer is to preserve his genius in the public eye he is going to have to adopt toward the media some attitude other than hysteria, but maybe the media should back off a bit, too. Judging by his performance in game three, Fischer wields his power—and flexes his genius—best in backroom situations.

Of course, when dictators do that, they are called chicken. **END**

WOULD YOU BUY A USED PLAYBOOK FROM THIS MAN?



Better not. Most pro football coaches say you would only get a lot of Os and Vs that would be worth few if any \$s. Nonetheless, ex-Ram Quarterback Karl Sweetan tried to sell one for \$2,500, and a federal case has been made of it

by TEX MAULE

In the 10 years since he left the playing fields of Wake Forest, Karl Sweetan has worked as a quarterback—mostly intermittently and mausopiously—for the Toronto Argonauts, the Pontiac (Mich.) Arrows, the Detroit Lions, the New Orleans Saints and the Los Angeles Rams. A fortnight ago, having been released by the Rams and having failed to make it with the Edmonton Eskimos, he decided to change careers and try his hand at selling. He did not distinguish himself in that field, either.

Sweetan, along with a cousin, attempted to peddle a 1971 Ram playbook for \$2,500 to J. D. Roberts, the head coach of the Saints. Roberts pretended to go along with the deal and informed the league, it called the FBI, which wired him up with a transmitter in one of football's more unusual plays. "All I did was ask questions," Roberts said after completing his agent's role. "The FBI did a helluva job." U.S. Attorney Gerald J. Gallinghouse said Roberts had, too, adding that the coach "executed each play the FBI called to perfection." Sweetan and his cousin were jailed, charged with interstate transportation of stolen property and fraud by wire and released on \$5,000 bond each.

The case shocked pro football's coaches, largely because they could not see why a playbook could be thought to have such value. Dan Devine of the Green Bay Packers says he would not pay \$5 for one. Don Shula of the Miami Dolphins says, "What secrets are there, really? A book gives you a system, not a game plan."

What is a pro team's playbook, and could it have any value to a rival coach? Presumably, what Sweetan would have had to sell was an offensive playbook (pro teams have two—one for the offense, one for the defense). The books—usually loose-leaf notebooks—contain plays and variations, formations, audibles, nomenclature, house rules and, in some cases, exhortations to the players to give 110%.

The book Sweetan was accused of trying to sell was compiled by Tommy Prothro (see cover) after he took over

the Rams last year. Ironically, Prothro is not an advocate of playbooks. "I believe in them less than anybody," he said last week. "I really don't learn by reading things I learn by seeing something and talking about it. Consequently, I've never believed in writing it all down. But all our other coaches believe in it, and if these young, smart guys believe in it, I'm all for having one."

Prothro said that the most valuable information to be gleaned from a rival's playbook is not what a team does, but what it doesn't do. "You never know when they are going to do something," he said, "but if you know something they won't do, then you don't have to protect against it."

Prothro admitted that he has trouble recalling the nomenclature in his own playbook. "I'll ask an assistant every once in a while, 'That pitch where the quarterback swings around end and we trap the first man from the tackle's nose outside, what the hell are we calling that now?' In the same way I don't remember what I had to eat tonight for dinner, but I know what happened on the second play of the third quarter of a football game in 1954."

Indeed, there is little variation in playbooks from team to team, except in nomenclature. With the wholesale exchange of game movies, teams are thoroughly conversant with the plays their adversaries run. In fact, they often know their opponents better than themselves and have to "scout" themselves every few weeks to make sure no predictable tendencies are showing.

Paul Brown, the part-owner and coach of the Cincinnati Bengals, does not place much value on an opponent's playbook as a secret weapon, either. "There is very little in a playbook that could help one team against another in a given game," he says. "Better you should have a quarterback who can throw the ball." The Rams, incidentally, probably have an old Brown playbook handy, in case Prothro should need it. "I often give a player—a deserving player—a playbook if he's ending his career and going into

coaching," Brown says. "You can study a playbook in the off-season and pick up little ideas of nomenclature, little things you might like better than the way you're saying or doing something. But it's meaningless in preparing for another team. You can get everything you ever would want from a game film."

Hank Stram of the Kansas City Chiefs tells of a flight he once took from Dallas to Fort Lauderdale. "The plane stopped in New Orleans," he says, "and a bunch of youngsters got on board. They were members of an eighth grade team going to a postseason game. While on the flight they took examinations on the plays they were to use in the game. I was surprised to hear that they were using our plays and terminology. Their coach had followed our team as a fan, liked our variety offense and had been given a copy of our playbook by one of our former players."

Several years ago Paul Brown briefly experimented with shortwave transmissions from sideline to quarterback as an alternative to his system of messenger guards. The quarterback had a tiny transistorized speaker in his helmet so that Brown could talk to him in the huddle. According to a perhaps apocryphal story, the year Brown went electronic an assistant quit his club to work for the Giants, and during a New York-Cleveland game tuned in on Brown's frequency. Since he knew Brown's playbook, he shouted advice to the Giant defenders as soon as Brown called a play. The Giants won 21-9.

If true, this may have been the only instance in which a playbook helped an opposing team. In truth, scouting, movies, even tipoffs— inadvertent indications by a member of an offensive team that allows the defense to anticipate the type or direction of an upcoming play—have always been overrated.

In 1950 the Rams had a divisional championship team, but they could not seem to beat the Philadelphia Eagles, coached by Greasy Neale and quarterbacked by one-eyed Tommy Thompson. By assiduous study of Eagle movies, they

continued

discovered something about Thompson. If he was going to hand off for a run to the right, his right foot was in back of his left, and vice versa. If he was going to pass, his feet were parallel to one another. It was a perfect tip-off since it was visible to the defense well before the snap of the ball.

But at the half the Eagles led the Rams 28-0; at the end of the game it was 56-20. "We knew where they were going," said Ram Linebacker Don Paul, "but they went there anyway." Which brings to mind something an NFL scout said after watching one of Vince Lombard's Green Bay teams dismantle an opponent.

When the game ended, he was asked what he had discovered. "Hell," he said, sadly, "how do you scout blocking and tackling?"

It is surprising that the Saints made a federal case out of the Sweetan matter. "This whole incident is sadly blown clear out of importance," says Paul Brown. "It's certainly not worth bringing in the FBI. I think those Saints were living up to their name. If Sweetan had approached me, I would have told him I wasn't interested in the book. I'd have also told him he was making a mixed-up mistake, and I would have tried to talk him out of it. Then I'd have called the Rams to let them know what was going on."

Norm Van Brocklin of the Falcons says he would have done the same thing, adding that his book is already being used around the league—the defensive volume by Minnesota and Philadelphia, the offensive by St. Louis.

Billy Wilson, once a star end for the San Francisco 49ers, has a garage full of playbooks. "I've got them from every year I played football," he says. "What's the going price? \$2,500? I think I'll have a garage sale now. Two for \$4,000."

Dick Nolan of the 49ers expresses the majority view of his fellow coaches. "Another team's playbook is not worth \$2,500," he says. "My own playbook is beyond value, in a way, because a lot of hard work and thought went into it. What it really contains is one's own interpretation of the game. It is the philosophy, what I want from my players and what they are expected to give me in the way of effort. So that part of it is not of much value to the opposition. I mean, you learn that anyway—the other coach's philosophy—over the years. You see his films, you watch his games, you get your computer reports, and patterns begin to establish themselves."

"Sometimes you learn more from all the things put together than any playbook can ever divulge. And that's another thing. I don't have everything in our playbook. There are things we decide the week of a game, things we don't put down in writing."

Of the 300-odd plays in a playbook,

most teams use from 15 to 30 in a specific game, those being tailored for the clubs they are playing. Had Sweetan, on a Friday before a Sunday game against the Rams, sold the ready list, it conceivably could have helped the Saints.

The audibles in the playbook would not. An audible signal allows the quarterback to change his huddle call to meet a different defense at the line of scrimmage. It is preceded by a live call in the huddle. The quarterback might mention the color orange as the live audible, if he wants to change the call at the line of scrimmage, he repeats "orange." Any other color—green, red—means the huddle call goes. The defense would have to know the live color and the meaning of the numbers called after it to know what the play would be.

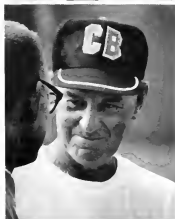
The crux of the matter is that pro football is an incestuous business. Nolan, who was for years an assistant to Dallas' Tom Landry, has a playbook which varies little from the Cowboys'. There is a whole school of coaches in the league who received their early training from Paul Brown, including Weeb Ewbank of the Jets and Shula. All of them think alike, and when something new comes up, it appears on film and is immediately adopted by the rest.

Playbooks change with the game from season to season, probably about 20% a year. And very likely 80% of all playbooks are similar, with the exception of nomenclature. As Hank Stram points out, "It's a game of people, not note-books. The Chiefs' playbook is a volume of communications so that the team can have a common language when we talk football both on and off the field. The only basic difference in the plays used by pro teams is in terminology."

"The first thing in the playbook is a new language," says Prothro. "Nomenclature and semantics. There are so many things you want to talk about in football, both verbally on the field and in writing in a playbook, that we must have a form of shorthand. We must give things terms."

For instance, the Ram playbook uses "Switch" to indicate a linebacker dropping off in pass coverage opposite to his normal drop. "OX" means an end and a linebacker switching assignments. "Roger" is the right tackle looping to the outside, "Rinny" the right tackle looping to the inside.

continued



Saint Coach J. D. Roberts (above) helped FBI nab Sweetan, a move that Cincinnati's Paul Brown thought didn't fit the crime.

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Although Paul Brown is usually credited with creating the first playbook, it is more likely that Clark Shaughnessy, who coached the Rams in 1948 and 1949, originated the idea. Shaughnessy arrived in Los Angeles with trunks full of play diagrams that he had put into books. He had more than 300 plays in his collection and variations off each. "For a long time, the guards used to meet just behind the center on a running play," Norm Van Brocklin says of those Ram days. "They were pulling in opposite directions, I had to drop back in a hurry just to avoid being mashed."

Because of its complexity, the playbook can be a frightening thing for a rookie, so Prothro feeds the Ram newcomers theirs a page at a time. "If I give a rookie a four-inch playbook when he hit camp, he would be overwhelmed, completely demoralized," says Prothro. "Our original playbook is almost just the binder. Then, as we put in plays and variations, we give them the pages on those. The book builds."

George Allen, Prothro's predecessor with the Rams and now head coach and general manager of the Washington Redskins, has no such tender feelings for rookies, but then he has never held them in much esteem. Under Allen, the Ram playbook was the handsomest in the league. It was bound in red and looked like an encyclopedia volume. It cost Allen a great deal of money to have his playbooks bound like library books, but he has never been one to scrimp.

Aside from the extraordinary amount of memory work a playbook demands of a rookie, it can be costly to him in other ways. Most clubs fine a player from \$500 to \$1,000 for losing a playbook. Explains Stram, whose rate is \$500: "It's a part of the overall program of discipline. We give them the responsibility for the property and we expect them to take care of it, just like any other equipment we issue."

And when the Turk comes to call at training camp the playbook is the invariable symbol of dismissal. If an assistant tells a rookie—or a failing veteran—to see the head coach and add, "And bring your playbook," that means the player is being cut.

Even Sweeten turned in his playbook when he was dismissed from the Rams. That was a Xeroxed copy he and his cousin were trying to peddle in New Orleans.

END



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TOM TERRIFIC AND HIS MYSTIC

I don't ever think about it," he says. "Philosophically, that is. Why do I do it? What does it all mean? That doesn't interest me. I only know it excites me. It's the one thing I do in my life that excites me." Tom Seaver, untanned, wearing a gray T-shirt and baggy Bermuda shorts, is standing on the sand in Madeira Beach, Fla. He is holding a piece of string to which is attached a kite that is only a speck far off in a cloudless sky. The sky is awash with the flap and caw of sea gulls. Big, grayish, heavy-breasted birds, they must beat their wings furiously, stomachs heaving, necks straining forward, so that for one brief moment they can level off and glide with a hard-earned and uncommon grace.

"Aren't they fascinating?" says Seaver. "The way they work at it! I could watch them for hours. I'd love to fly like the gulls. But I can't. So I pitch. If I couldn't pitch I'd do something else. It wouldn't bother me much. But if I could pitch and I wasn't, that would bother me. That would bother me a lot.

"Pitching is what makes me happy. I've devoted my life to it. I live my life around the four days between starts. It determines what I eat, when I go to bed, what I do when I'm awake. It determines how I spend my life when I'm not pitching. If it means I have to come to Florida and can't get tanned because I might get a burn that would keep me from throwing for a few days, then I never go shirtless in the sun. If it means when I get up in the morning I have to read the box scores to see who got two hits off Bill Singer last night instead of reading a novel, then I do it. If it means I have to remind myself to pet dogs with my left hand or throw logs on the fire with my left hand, then I do that, too. If it means in the winter I eat cottage cheese instead of chocolate chip cookies in order to keep my weight down, then I eat cottage cheese. I might want



TALENT

The pitching wonders he works did not come swiftly or naturally to Seaver; in fact, the modesty of his skill was the making of the man

by PAT JORDAN



those cookies but I won't ever eat them. That might bother some people but it doesn't bother me. I enjoy the cottage cheese. I enjoy it more than I would those cookies because I know it will help me do what makes me happy.

"Life isn't very heavy for me. I've made up my mind what I want to do. I'm happy when I pitch well so I only do those things that help me be happy. I wouldn't be able to dedicate myself like this for money or glory, although they are certainly considerations. If I pitch well for 15 years I'll be able to give my family security. But that isn't what motivates me. What motivates some pitchers is to be known as the fastest who ever lived. Some want to have the greatest season ever. All I want is to do the best I possibly can day after day, year after year. Pitching is the whole thing for me. I want to prove I'm the best ever."

Tom Seaver is the youngest pitcher in the history of baseball to sign a contract for more than \$100,000 a season. He has averaged 19 victories a year for the New York Mets. At the age of 27, after five full seasons in the major leagues, he had won 95 ball games. Walter Johnson, who won more games than any pitcher in this century, won only 80 in his first five seasons. Grover Cleveland Alexander, second to Johnson, won 70 games by the time he reached his 27th birthday. Sandy Koufax, 68; Bob Gibson, 34; Warren Spahn, 29.

Thomas George Seaver has one of those smooth, boyish, Middle American faces that would be a burden to some men. He possesses the handsomeness so prized in the 1950s of Pat Boone and Tab Hunter. It is a temptation to describe his face as having too little character when you would more rightly mean too few characteristics. It is a face of undistinguished parts, which are subordi-

nate only to a single clear impression of uncluttered good looks.

Seaver stands 6' 1/2" and weighs 210 pounds from November to February, when he indulges himself with an occasional breakfast of fried eggs and beer, and he weighs 205 pounds from March to October when he allows himself no fried eggs and beer. He has a squarish, heavy-chested body that tends to fat but is deceptively muscled. His arms, shoulders, chest and thighs are thick with muscles acquired from years of lifting weights. He believes, unlike most pitchers and coaches, that a selective program of weight lifting will add speed to a pitcher's fastball. As a high school senior in Fresno, Calif., he stood 5' 9" and weighed 160 pounds. He was the third-hardest thrower on his team. He did not pick up speed until he began lifting weights in college and had grown three inches and put on 30 pounds. Because he has worked so diligently in developing those parts of his body that relate to his talent, Seaver is highly critical—one might almost say contemptuous—of less conscientious players. He will say of a teammate whose chest is noticeably undeveloped, "Do you know he hit 20 balls to the warning track last year! Twenty! Another 10 feet and they would have been home runs. I know I'd find the strength to hit those balls another 10 feet."

Although he is not conscious of it, Seaver shows his disdain for men who he feels have not fulfilled their potential. For Seaver, a man's talent is not just a part of the man. It is the whole man, or at the very least a mirror of the whole man. Treating one's talent carelessly is indicative of a weakness in character. He once said of a former pitcher who was reputed to have dissipated a promising career, "What a fool he must be. To throw it all away like that. If you don't think baseball is a big deal, don't

Continued

play it. But if you do, play it right." Seaver avoids such men, as if their weakness were a contagious disease. He prefers the company of people like Bud Harrelson and Jerry Grote, fellow Mets who have made the fullest use of their talents, no matter how meager.

Despite Seaver's weight lifting, there are certain parts of his physique that are noticeably undeveloped. His waist, for instance, is thick. It is a constant subject of kidding for his wife, Nancy, who will say, "He has an old man's waist. Really, he does. He is a lot like an old man, you know." This kidding does not bother Seaver, since he knows a tightly muscled waist will add nothing to his talent, and as with most things that do not add to his talent, he gives the matter little attention. (The perfect way to chaff a relationship with Seaver is to make a slighting remark about his talent. No matter how much in jest that remark might be, he will grow silent as a stone while the laugh dies in the jester's throat.)

Seaver is not a vain man. He could no more lift weights in front of a mirror to build an Adonis' physique than he could tell an obscene joke. He dresses neatly but without distinction in the clothes he receives from Sears, Roebuck and Co., with whom he has a contract. He seems to have no desire to call attention to himself, and if he is at all conscious of the image he presents in public, it is only up to, never beyond, the point when it offends his own sense of propriety. The only attention he seeks is on a pitcher's mound, and even there he does not demand it for himself, but for his superb and unquestioned skill.

"After I won 25 games in 1969," he says, "I got caught up in a lot of publicity. People who had never met me were making judgments about me, and things were happening that I had no control over. Then I had this fabulous realization—at least it was fabulous for me—that I had to cut this stuff out of my life. I had to return to myself, to what was most important to me, to be the best pitcher I could. Now, I don't care about publicity. I don't worry about what people say. I can relax and be what I am. And what I am, basically, is a dull guy. No one interviews me much anymore. Even my success is kind of dull, at least to everyone outside of myself. But to me it is fascinating.

"I used to think you could reach a point with success where it would be-

come a bore. Too routine. But now I know that just as I'm refining my pitching, I'm refining the pleasure I get from it. A victory used to give me pleasure, and then a well-pitched inning, and now I get great satisfaction from just one or two pitches a game. I get in a situation where I have to apply everything I know, mentally and physically, on just one pitch. It all comes down to this pitch. I have to think what I should do and then make my body do it. That is a beautiful point to reach for an athlete. A light goes on in your head and you realize that everything you've done in your life has been for this moment. Things you've been building for years, things you never knew you were building, are right there to be used. Suddenly, you're the most confident person in the world. You sense you can achieve perfection for just this moment. That moment is a thrill for me. It's not a jubilant type of thrill, but a great satisfaction in knowing that for one specific moment I can achieve perfection in something I've devoted my life to."

Seaver has reached this stage in his development as an athlete (a point few men ever reach) because as a youth he was blessed with only modest size and ability. He says of himself then, "I was small and didn't throw very hard. In my senior year of high school I won six games and lost five. I've never been the star of any team. Even at USC I had to work hard just to be a starter. Pitching has always been hard work for me. I never had anything handed to me. At 14 I was already aware of my physical limitations. I had to adjust. This appeared to be a burden then, but obviously it has helped."

Pitching became for Seaver, at that very early age, not only a physical activity but a mental one. He was forced by the limits of his talent to become conscious of those aspects of his craft which, although secondary to sheer ability, were at least within his power to cultivate. He discovered, for instance, that hitters fed off pitchers' mistakes. So he would try to make no mistakes. If he could not throw his fastball past hitters, he could at least throw it in a spot where they could not hit it solidly. If he could not strike out hitters, he could at least refuse to walk them. "Walking hitters bothered me even then," he says. "It was so—free."

Seaver learned that the control and

quality of his pitches were directly related to his pitching motion. He became conscious of his delivery—not as a stylized routine that could hide his deficiencies and assuage the demands of his ego—but as something that could be cultivated, created even, in a way that would increase his skills. He began to listen when anyone talked about pitching. And if the comments made no sense, he still retained them for a moment in the future when they might make sense and he could use them.

Seaver learned back then how it felt to be shelled in one inning and have to walk out to the mound to begin the next. "You want to quit," he says. "You feel it's all so hopeless. You have to force yourself to forget and start over as if it never happened. Some guys can't do that. They are always fighting things beyond their control."

Such experiences helped Seaver develop an outlook in his youth that has become the cornerstone of his philosophy of pitching and (if Tom Seaver could ever admit to having something so grandiose—and he couldn't) his philosophy of life as well.

"I decided to let my talent dictate what I was on a given day," he says. "I learned to adjust to it, to its limits, to what it told me about myself. I couldn't do more than I was physically or mentally capable of. If I tried to throw harder than I could, the ball went slower than it normally would. I couldn't fabricate conclusions in my mind about how to pitch to a batter if my mind wasn't ready for them. I couldn't force things. Sometimes in a game I'll concentrate so hard on my motion, trying to get it right, that I have nothing left for the batter. Then I let the catcher call my pitches. I surrender that mental load. It is one less thing I have to worry about. When I get my motion organized I'll take the load back. But if I tried to perfect everything at once, I'd end up perfecting nothing."

The qualities Seaver honed as a youth are precisely those any athlete must have if he is to excel. However, the pattern through which he acquired them was the reverse of that which most ballplayers follow. The first discovery a young athlete often makes is that he has natural ability—to hit, run or throw—which allows him to glide with little effort or thought to a point where that talent, alone, is no longer enough. Faced with

continued

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fading success, he then must begin cultivating the control and discipline which his early explosion of raw talent had made unnecessary. Sandy Koufax is an example of such an athlete. He reached the major leagues on the strength of his extraordinary left arm, and then struggled for six years to develop the qualities (control and expertise) that his arm had made unnecessary earlier. Only when he acquired them at the age of 25 did he become a great pitcher. Because of the absence of any such raw talent, Tom Seaver was forced to start developing those same qualities at 14.

When Seaver graduated from high school he received no professional offers and so he enlisted in the Marine Corps. When he finished his military service and enrolled at USC two years later, his body had matured, and his fastball with it. The Dodgers offered him a \$2,000 bonus, which he declined in favor of college baseball. About this time he began training with small weights on the advice of a friend, Jerry Merz, who told him the added strength would help prevent a sore arm and give his fastball more speed. "I knew a lot of people in the sport felt weight lifting hurt pitchers," says Seaver, "but it seemed logical that it would help me then, and it still does, so I did it."

In one year Seaver's fastball became explosive. When USC's baseball team scrimmaged the Los Angeles Dodgers, Seaver found himself pitching successfully against major league hitters when only three years before he had been having difficulty retiring high school hitters. Major league teams now began scouting him. He eventually signed with the Milwaukee Braves, who lost him shortly thereafter because of a contract irregularity to the New York Mets.

By now Seaver was as complete a pitcher as was possible for a man his age. He possessed not only superior speed, but stamina, control and self-discipline, unlike most young pitchers he would not have to spend valuable time in the future acquiring them. In fact, he possessed them to such a degree that within two years of his signing he would win 16 games for the 10th-place Mets, be voted to the National League All-Star team (to which he has been selected every year he has been in the majors), be the National League Rookie of the Year and two years later be voted the Cy Young Award as the best

pitcher in the league. Today, Seaver is generally acclaimed by baseball professionals as the best pitcher currently in the game. And some now say he is the best ever.

"I appreciate my talent more than most," says Seaver. "I had to put a lot of hard work into it. Some guys never know the gift they have." And because his talent is more conscious creation than gift, because it is his by acquisition, not inheritance, Seaver possesses it, rather than is possessed by it. He has a greater understanding of what it is: of how he acquired it, of how he should retain it; and, most important, of how he should continue to refine it.

On April 21 this year Seaver defeated the Chicago Cubs 2-0 for his second shut-out victory in as many starts in a season that was just a week old. His opponent was Burt Hooton, the 22-year-old rookie who had pitched a no-hit, no-run game five days before. Against Seaver, Hooton was impressive. In seven innings, he allowed the Mets six hits and struck out nine with his baffling knuckle curve. He issued three bases on balls. Hooton's performance could best be described as that superior effort which, when produced against Seaver, is just enough to reward its producer with internal satisfaction and a graceful loss. Seaver had been better. He allowed the Cubs four singles while striking out nine. His brilliant performance received less attention than did Hooton's, since it is of the kind one expects from him these days. But it was astonishing when one considers that it had come shortly after Gil Hodges' death, after a prolonged strike during which Seaver was preoccupied as his team's player representative, after a succession of inactive days that had interrupted his accustomed schedule and after an unpleasant spring training during which he experienced the first sore arm of his career. Yet, Seaver's fine performance was not surprising to those who knew the meticulousness with which he had prepared for it.

Two nights before, he had been scheduled to pitch against the Expos in Montreal. The game was rained out, and he was rescheduled to pitch against Hooton and the Cubs on the 21st. When the Mets returned to New York the night of the 19th, most of the players went directly home from LaGuardia Airport. Seaver, however, got a ride on the team

continued

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bus to Shea Stadium, which was deserted and in darkness. He went directly to the locker room, put on his uniform, filled a bucket with baseballs and began the long walk across the diamond to the right-field bullpen. He moved with his graceless and plodding plowman's walk, his weight falling on his heels and his head listing to his right as if, with each ensuing step, it might collapse upon his shoulder. When Seaver reached the bullpen he stepped onto the warmup mound and began throwing baseball after baseball against the screen behind the plate. His throwing was illuminated only by the lights from the parking lot. He warmed up quickly but carefully in the mild night air. He was accompanied only by the sounds of his own exertion, and of baseballs plunking against the screen and dropping softly to the ground.

He threw with great effort. His speed and curve and control came slowly, and only after much grunting and cursing in the darkness. He threw with a tightly constricted motion that seemed small compared to the loose, spread-out deliveries of pitchers like Gibson and Koufax. Constricted, yet thoroughly planned, for Seaver has worked diligently to cut away "all the excess crap my motion does not need." He has excised no vital parts; his motion is a perfect compromise between flamboyance and deficiency. If it is not so esthetically pleasing as it could be; if it does not approach the grace of those gulls, still, it is mechan-

ically perfect, and it is perfection, not grace, that Seaver seeks, since he long ago decided only this was within his grasp. It is a powerful motion, and there is a point in it when Seaver seems to pause for the barest of seconds before exploding toward the plate. He turns sideways, his left leg raised waist-high and bent, his glove and ball hand cupped close to his chest, his shoulders hunched about his ears. He seems to be withdrawing into himself, to be at that single moment in time and place where he and his talent come as close as they ever can to merging into one. He describes this pause as "that point when I pull myself together, mentally and physically, to put everything I have into the pitch." He needs that moment of intense concentration because—let it be stated once again—neither his delivery nor his pitches are a gift. They do not lie there, polished gems, waiting only to be dusted off for use. They are rough stones that must be painstakingly recut and repolished with every use. And since his success lies not in the overwhelming brilliance of any one gem (he does not have the greatest fastball, the greatest curve ball, the greatest control), but in the proper balance of a host of lesser ones, the resulting must be flawless. The slightest imperfection in one stone destroys the delicate balance of them all in a way that it never would to a more gifted pitcher.

For example, when Seaver pulled the muscles in his legs recently, it affected his performances to a much greater degree than it might another. The sore legs prevented him from running wind sprints, which in turn contributed to a loss of stamina. The result: in a six-week period he failed to finish nine straight games. His weakness in late innings affected his pitching rhythm, resulting in a loss of speed and control.

This brief period of decline frustrated Seaver. "It was like starting spring training all over again," he says. "I was out of shape. But you expect to be out of shape in the spring. When it happens during the season you begin to think about it over dinner. Eventually, I began to wonder if I had lost something. It is always there in the back of your mind when you are not pitching the way you know you can. No matter if you know what the reason is, there is always the fear you might be wrong. God, if it isn't this, if it isn't my legs, what is it?"

But Seaver's crisis was over by mid-June. Once his legs had healed, he reverted to type, completing five of his next six starts and raising his record to 12-5. One of those games, against San Diego, was a one-hitter, the fourth of his big-league career. From Seaver, fans and writers do not expect mere quality, they expect excellence, and therefore much was written about the decline (Seaver was 5-3 in his bad weeks), one which, if experienced by any other pitcher, would hardly have been noticed.

To be a great pitcher, Seaver must be flawless in a way Sandy Koufax never had to be, and it was in the pursuit of perfection that Seaver felt he had to labor that April night in the dark Met bullpen. He threw until he reached the same level of effort and concentration he would have needed against the Expos in Montreal. He continued at this pace for a while and then went home. It was almost 10 p.m. When asked why he put himself through such an inconvenience, he said, "It was my day to throw. I always throw on my day to throw." Two days later, supplied with precisely the edge he both needed and had created, he beat Burt Hooton.

Because of such dedication to detail, it would seem the only thing that could prevent Seaver from reaching the goal he has determined for himself is an event beyond his control—such as the arm injury he experienced this past spring in St. Petersburg. It was a particularly frustrating injury for two reasons: it was the first sore arm of his career, and he could point to nothing as its cause. He had proceeded with his sixth spring training at the same pace he had proceeded with the previous five. "You have to control yourself during the first weeks so as not to get hurt," he said. When he felt sharp pain in his right shoulder, therefore, he was more than a little confused. He was constantly after the team physician, Dr. Peter La Monte. He would raise his right arm over his head, dig the fingers of his left hand into the place where his arm and shoulder met, and say in a high-pitched, almost whining, voice, "What is that?" The doctor, a relaxed man who always looks as if he just returned from nine holes of golf, would begin a lengthy clinical explanation about a bruised muscle. Seaver's face would immediately cloud with that exasperated look at so often has when he has no interest in the turn of a con-



version. He would listen a few seconds and then restlessly interrupt the doctor. "But I want . . . I want it to feel . . ." and his voice would trail off in frustration.

After a few days, the shock of his injury diminished and Seaver's voice lost its pangs. It became curt and passionless as he forced himself to approach his injury as he did all things relating to his talent—as an experience to be understood and absorbed for future use. His questions to the doctor became less pleas and more interrogations. "Which muscle is bruised? How did it get bruised? Will it get worse if I throw?" And finally, when it had healed and he had once again taken his place on the mound to pitch batting practice, he would be able to say, "I don't know many parts of my shoulder and arm, but I know this muscle, the *teres major*. It was bruised because I began throwing too hard too soon. I had not taken into consideration that I am getting older. I can't proceed during the spring at the same pace I did at 23. I have to expect my body to break down a little with each year. After all, I've pitched almost 1,400 innings in five years. I can't go on forever without a sore arm. I just have to be more careful in the future."

Seaver mastered the experience of his sore arm, rather than letting it overwhelm him, because he has a mind that is acutely sensitive to experience. It is this sensitivity and his ability to adjust to what his mind tells him about himself that has made him the pitcher he is today. He seems disinclined to work out things without a basis of experience; he had to have a sore arm before he could adjust to its lesson. He seems ill at ease with abstractions, which he regards as not a part of "the real world I live in."

Because this sensitivity has proved so valuable in the perfecting of his talent, he is careful to bring it to bear only on experiences "in the real world," and only on those experiences he has decided are of the first importance. "I'm a very introspective guy," he says. "I spent all winter trying to discover what happened to me at the end of 1970 when I finished so poorly. I decided I couldn't pitch with only three days' rest. That discovery made me feel like a genius."

Seaver is not so introspective about experiences unrelated to his talent. It is not that he places no value on them, but that he feels they exist complete with-

in themselves, and to analyze them would be a waste of energy which could quite possibly kill the pleasure he gets from them. Those experiences, like the watching of the gulls ("Aren't they fascinating?"), are to be savored as curiosities that help fill the void between his bouts with his talent.

"I don't have the stamina and mental concentration to live my life with the same intensity I do baseball," says Seaver. "I'm not a perfectionist in everything. For instance, a few years ago I built a wine cellar in the basement of my home. I used small fireplace flues as holders for the bottles. I had one 20 flues in each row and 20 rows in all. It was repetitious work but it didn't bother me. Every flue was a victory, and every row was a 20-game season. The entire 20 rows was a career of 20-game seasons. I loved it. When I finished I began to panel the room. I'd paneled most of it when I came to a water pipe that stuck out of the wall. I couldn't focus on how to panel around that pipe. It was beyond my ability to comprehend. I got bored with it. Eventually, though, I did panel it all, but still, the wine cellar is far from perfect."

"But I can live with its imperfections. Some guys couldn't. They have to find out about themselves before they get on that train to New York in the morning. They're always digging deeper than things are. They dig so deep they forget to enjoy life. I enjoy my life. I don't live it at the same pace I do baseball. I can do nothing all day, and it's fabulous. I really could watch those gulls for hours, or just play dominoes with my wife, or watch Sarah, my daughter, play with her toys. In the winter I like to get up in the morning and sit by a fire. Sometimes I read the paper and sometimes I do nothing but sit by the fire. What do I think about? Ha, I think about how fabulous it is to watch wood burn. I don't have to pull every weed out of my garden. I don't have to win every basketball game at the YMCA. Maybe I deliberately don't tap this competitiveness in me. Maybe I'm saving it for baseball. It must be like an energy source that has its limits. If I use it up on too many things I'll have nothing left for baseball. Maybe I deliberately leave a few weeds in the garden. I really don't know, though. I never think about such things."

END

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DEFENDER OF THE FAITH

*His detractors have said he is a traitor, a liar, a windbag, a hypocrite and a fool, but
Avery Brundage sleeps the sleep of the just* **by WILLIAM JOHNSON**

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—FROM THE SPEECHES OF AVERY BRUNDAGE

The scene is the Holiday Inn, Luxembourg, on an afternoon last fall. The International Olympic Committee is in convention there and the members are about to leave the hotel for a film screening downtown, which will begin at 4 p.m. sharp. It is not so far away, but one must use the available conveyance—an army bus, courtesy of the Luxembourg government. Many members of the IOC climb aboard the bus: the sheikh from Lebanon, the rajah from India, the baron from Spain and, eventually, exiled King Constantine of Greece. When the bus rumbles off, it is about 3:30 p.m.

At 3:40 p.m. a sports car pulls up to the front of the Holiday Inn and Grand Duke Jean of Luxembourg slides into the driver's seat. He waits for a motorcycle policeman to precede him, and then drives off to the screening.

Now it is after 3:50 p.m., and time is very short. A chauffeured limousine is waiting at the Holiday Inn, its motor idling almost inaudibly. There is a dignified flurry at the front entrance and Avery Brundage, president of the IOC for 20 years, emerges alone and enters the limousine. It is

3:55 p.m. and it will require a very quick, very direct route to make it to the screening room in time. But then four motorcycle policemen wheel into place, one at each fender. Their sirens shriek and Avery Brundage pulls away. He has time to spare, for he is traveling in the style to which he has become accustomed.

Avery Brundage is 84 now, but he has kept his spine straight, his stomach flat, his handshake dry and powerful. He moves with the briskness and authority of a man with a clear conscience, convinced of his blessings. There is often something close to radiance in his face.

Perhaps the kind of zeal and moral fiber that characterizes Avery Brundage is summarized best by his remarks about his own favorite sport—heel-and-toe walking. "That was a beautiful event. And I excelled in it. It puts an enormous strain on nearly every muscle in the body. It is the closest a man can come to the pangs of childbirth."

Though there is still much vigor in Avery Brundage, it does not always flow in a strong, steady current. His voice is clear at times, but then it will fade slowly, slowly, as if it were a deep color being gradually bleached. At such times, it sounds as if it comes from a place much farther away than that where Avery Brundage is sitting. And sometimes his voice simply stops and there is silence. The eyes of Avery Brundage seem fixed behind his spectacles; there is even a suspicion of tears. But then he will blink and begin to speak again. Usually he picks up precisely where he left off. But sometimes he will begin *continued*

Many years ago, Brundage won the American All-Around—a sort of decathlon—and was called "The Greatest Athlete of the Day." He has earned several other epithets since.



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to speak about something quite new.

Avery Brundage is worth about \$25 million. It is said that he spends \$50,000 of his own money each year in pursuit of his obligations to the Olympic Games. One does not ask him about money matters because it would be unmanly. However, he once volunteered: "You didn't have to be a wizard to make a fortune in the Depression. All you had to do was buy stocks and bonds in depressed corporations for a few cents on the dollar and then wait."

Avery Brundage started poor. He was born in 1887 in Detroit and his father walked out when he was very young. He sold newspapers to help his mother buy bread. He worked his way through the University of Illinois, graduating in the class of '09. He was a big man on campus: a track star, a fraternity leader, a writer for the literary magazine *The Scribbler*. One of his contributions was entitled *The Football Field as a Sifter of Men*: "No better place than a football field could be chosen to test out a man. . . . Here a fellow is stripped of most of the finer little things contributed by ages of civilization and his virgin nature is exposed to the hot fire of battle. It is man against man, and there is no more thorough mode of exposing one's true self. . . ."

Avery Brundage's own virgin nature was exposed to an assortment of sports that made football seem almost effete. Although heel-and-toe walking, the discus and the shotput were his specialties, he became a devotee of the tortures of the pentathlon, decathlon and, most execrating of all, what he fondly calls "the old American All-Around."

This is a series of 10 events—100-yard dash, high jump, shotput, high hurdles, broad jump, pole vault, 56-pound weight throw, 880-yard walk, hammer throw and mile run. All of them are performed in a single afternoon with no more than five minutes rest between each. In 1914, when he was 26, Brundage won the U.S. Championship in the American All-Around; he did it again in 1916 and again in 1918 and he was canonized by sportswriters as "The Greatest Athlete of the Day" and "The Champion of Champions." Of course, nothing Brundage did—or could do—equaled the feats of his contemporary, Jim Thorpe. In Brundage's only Olympic competition, in 1912, he entered the pentathlon, in

which he finished fifth, and the decathlon, in which he completed but eight events and wound up 15th. Thorpe won gold medals in both contests.

Brundage had nothing to do with Thorpe's subsequent disqualification and the forfeiture of his medals for professionalism. Yet, years later, when Thorpe was a drunk, sentimental sportsman, he would periodically plead with Brundage, then the head of the USOC and the AAU, to bend the rules so the Indian could have his medals back. Brundage stood firm. "Thorpe was the greatest athlete of our time," he said. "Why does he need medals to prove it?"

The source of Brundage's wealth is the Avery Brundage Company, a construction firm he founded to take advantage of a building boom in Chicago in the '20s. He owned or put up many edifices on the Gold Coast or in the Loop, including the LaSalle Hotel. He no longer owns the LaSalle, but his office is in a three-room suite on the 18th floor. The office has two windows, darkly draped, looking out on parking-ramp roofs, chimneys and neon signs. The room is small, the carpet is worn. Brundage has an invaluable collection of Oriental art, which is housed in the Center of Asian Art and Culture in San Francisco, but on the walls of his office there are but two posters advertising the 1972 Olympics.

The place is so unimpressive that one cannot help but think that if the desks were removed, the bookcases taken out and the Olympic posters torn off, this would be a hotel room with a brown metal bed and a traveling salesman from Mason City stretched out on it with his shoes on.

Avery Brundage is a self-made man, and his brand of ethics and his range of judgments have their roots in an impatience with anything that is not useful, negotiable or profitable. In the course of time, Brundage has said:

"I'm a 110% American and an old-fashioned Republican. People like me haven't had anybody to vote for since Hoover and Coolidge."

"You know, the ancient Greeks kept women out of their athletic games. They wouldn't even let them on the sidelines. I'm not so sure but what they were right."

"I have never known or heard of a single athlete who was too poor

to participate in the Olympic Games."

"If in certain countries there are people who are too poor to play, which is doubtful, let the government raise their standards of living until they have some leisure time instead of asking us to lower our amateur standards. After all, we of amateur sport cannot be expected to reconstruct society."

"Sport is a pastime and a diversion—it is play; and play, according to the dictionary, is action for amusement—opposed to work—free, spontaneous, joyous—for recreation. The minute it becomes any more than this, it is business or work, not sport. Sport is purely incidental and should not be allowed to interfere with the main business of life. It is an avocation, not a vocation."

Brundage dismisses professional sports: "They are not sports at all but a segment of the entertainment game—Show Biz, you'd call 'em." And he is convinced that the U.S. is in some more or less final stage of decadence because it no longer reveres the amateur.

Not long ago, as a murky Chicago twilight filled the windows of his office, Avery Brundage said sadly: "The word amateur is misused in the United States. We say that an amateur is somebody who is not good enough to be a professional. That is absurd, but it says more about this country than anything else I can think of. . . ."

SEARCH FOR THE CARP LIKE A RABBIT

Avery Brundage won a Nobel suit in France in 1959 and he said it was a "great victory for amateurism." Andre Chassaignon, an assistant editor of the magazine *Miroir des Sports*, penned a vitriolic column entitled *The Olympic Flag Is the Symbol of a Lie*, that shocked even Brundage's bitterest foes.

"The man who delivers the Olympic oath in Rome in 1960 will lie in the name of every athlete in the world," he wrote. "[because] nearly all of the so-called Olympic 'amateurs' in the world today are not amateurs at all, but hypocritical professionals!"

"Do you recall the charming tale of Gornellot, the hero of a novel by Alexandre Dumas who, during Lent, bought a rabbit and had it baptized a carp so he wouldn't break the rules of abstinence? Rabbits baptized as carp or professionals camouflaged as amateurs—it's all the same, Monsieur Brundage."

continued



A man with dark hair, wearing a yellow button-down shirt, is shown from the chest up. He has a lit cigarette in his mouth and is holding a large black bomb in his left hand. He has a look of surprise or concern on his face, with wide eyes and a slightly furrowed brow. The background is blurred, suggesting an indoor setting.

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age plays the role of Gornellon. He sits down at his table before a rabbit stew and says, "My, what a delicious carp."

Brundage filed suit for defamation of character and won his case. The judge ordered both Chassagnon and the magazine to pay 100,000 old francs—about \$200—in damages. For a long time, Brundage had a one-franc note from the settlement framed in his office.

His language may have been intemperate, but Chassagnon was nevertheless far from wrong about the state of amateurism among Olympians. It rarely (and probably never) exists in a pure Brundagian state. It requires great sour portions of hypocrisy to keep the whole charade from crashing down.

Listen to four Olympians:

Michel Jazy, 36, of Paris is a flamboyant fellow who toots around in a white Mercedes and dresses in sports clothes he designs himself. He is a publicity man for Perrin mineral water and for Le Coq Sportif and he broadcasts for Radio Luxembourg. He is blond, very handsome and the crowd loved him even though he did not place in the 1,500-meter run in 1956 and won only a silver medal in 1960. Jazy says, "I did not run only for money. No, I would have run without pay. But, yes, I was a professional like everybody else. In America, your professionals go to college for scholarships. In the Eastern countries they are in the military. In Scandinavia they are firemen. Of course, the money I received was not much. If I had been making much, I would not have retired from running at the age of 30."

Don Schollander, 26, a Yale graduate who won five gold medals and a silver in swimming in 1964 and 1968. He is polished, intelligent, a vice-president of a firm that manufactures timing devices and one of the athlete members of the USOC. "Avery Brundage is the last surviving amateur," Schollander says. "I did not have a scholarship at Yale, but I certainly could not qualify as an amateur. I trained far more than the rules allowed. The only sensible thing is to open the Olympics to everyone. You'd have to control it carefully—I mean, you couldn't have a guy win the gold medal for the 100 meters, then step off the platform and say, 'I drink Gilbey's Gin, you all go out and buy it, too.' You couldn't have guys running races in their Sears, Roebuck shirts like some bowling

team. But why not have professionals in the Olympics? We've found no visible way of controlling amateurism, so let's stop pretending."

Harold and Olga Connolly were married in 1957, he a schoolteacher from Boston, she the daughter of factory workers from Libish, near Prague. They had met at the Melbourne Olympics where each won a gold medal, and they wooed and won each other in an East-West romance that made headlines throughout the world.

Although Harold is 40 and Olga 39 and they have four children, the Connollys were in training last summer for yet another Games, their fifth—he to throw the hammer, she the discus. It was not easy. They are taught but a schoolteacher and his wife, struggling with almost painful good cheer through these lean years as he works for his master's.

Sitting in the living room of their rented bungalow in Culver City, Calif. last July, Olga said, "We love the Games and we are trying to go once more because we have so many friends, not for medals. We are so at home there. We want to go and help others break the ice so they can become friends."

The Connollys were going out for dinner, but Hal waffled down two hot dogs, then said, "Sorry, but I'm trying to put on 40 pounds. I compete best when I'm around 250. Either I gain it or we don't go. We made a promise to each other that if one doesn't make the team, the other won't go. If we both make it, the kids are going with us—somehow." (As it turned out, only Olga made the team and the promise was amended. "She deserves to go," said Hal, who will take the kids camping while his wife is throwing the discus in Munich.)

Later, in a Beverly Hills restaurant, Olga looked around admiringly. "This is our first dinner out in 15 months," she said. "We have to save our money to keep training." Over great slabs of prime rib, they talked about the paradox of amateurism. They related how they had written an article for the Associated Press entitled "Why Amateurism Is Dead in the Olympics." When they received a check, they donated the money to a Mexican orphanage because they wanted to protect their status as, well, amateurs.

Hal: I wouldn't want to be paid for my athletics. If you were paid they'd

ship you around like so much cattle. But I'm not against some sort of subsidization.

Olga: Government subsidy would be a good thing. It's anathema to the USOC, but its whole attitude toward athletes is so foolish and so insulting that this is only one facet of its wrong thinking.

Hal: You know, our guys are competing in Europe this summer so they can make enough money to help them train next year for the Games. They'll bring home anywhere from \$3,000 to \$15,000 from a summer on the European circuit. The fact is, under Rule 26 [the IOC rule defining Olympic eligibility] I don't know any amateur.

Olga: We don't want charity, but it is so foolish now. Bill Schroeder, who runs the Helms hall of fame, had a very funny idea—except maybe it's not so funny. He said there's only one way to have a U.S. Olympic camp and that's to have the whole team spend two or three hours a day in a U.S. Olympic cattery. You see? We'd spend our time growing our own strawberries, then can them and sell them and call them American Jam and then we could afford a training camp and everyone could be honest.

MORE ABOUT CARP AND RABBITS

The notion that amateurism is in that much of a jam probably has not occurred to any of the 74 members of the IOC. Although the IOC lays down all rules, policies, bylaws and eligibility pro-

roundup



Marquess of Exeter, an IOC member, made head ornament from artificial kip joss.

cedures for the Olympics, its members often have the air of just having come down from some elegant attic. The IOC is the most exclusive, blue-ribboned and blue-blooded organization in the world, utterly self-perpetuating and accustomed to operating in total privacy.

"If you took a poll, you'd find the favorite sports of the IOC are yachting, fencing and equestrian, the high society sports," says Arthur G. Lentz, executive director of the USOC. "They are not athletes, as a rule." Nor are they men likely to know many athletes, at least modern athletes.

Avery Brundage presides. His three executive vice-presidents are: the ebullient Lord Killanin, 58, of Ireland, who was once a journalist for the London *Daily Mail*; the self-effacing Jonkheer Herman van Karnebeek, 68, of The Netherlands, a board member of *Esso* Netherlands and of *Heineken* Breweries; and the suave, black-haired Count Jean de Beaumont, 68, of France, whose family dates to the first Crusade and whose financial holdings in *Rouand* and *Co.* (his father-in-law's firm) make him one of his country's wealthiest men.

A sampling of the remaining members: Sir Adetokunbo Ademola, 66, of Nigeria, is the eldest child of His Highness Ademola, Yorubaland's wealthiest and most influential ruler. Sir Adetokunbo was the first Nigerian to serve as a chief justice.

Hadj Mohamed Benjelloun, 60, of Morocco, is enormously rich because his father owned 60 acres of real estate that became the center of Casablanca.

Syed Wajid Ali, 60, of Pakistan, is chairman of two companies, managing director of a third, executive director of a fourth and a director of three others.

Sheikh Gabriel Gernayel, 68, of Lebanon, is a pharmacist by trade, but perhaps not by necessity. Each summer he moves from his winter town house to his summer house, a 500-year-old palace in the mountain area of Bikfaya.

There are many other titled men on the IOC. King Constantine, 32; Grand Duke Jean, 51; Spain's Baron Pedro de Ybarra y Mae-Mahon, 59; Indonesia's Hamengku Buwono IX, the Sultan of Jogjakarta, 60; Prince Gholam Reza Pahlavi of Iran, 49; Japan's Prince Tsuneyoshi Takeda, 63. The only members of the IOC who have won Olympic medals are King Constantine, who received a

gold medal in yachting in 1900; Masaji Kyokawa of Japan, who won gold and bronze medals in the 100-meter backstroke in 1932 and '36. Brigadier General Sven Thofelt of Sweden, who won a gold in the modern pentathlon in 1928, and the 6th Marquess of Exeter, the former Lord Burghley, who won a gold in the 400-meter intermediate hurdles in 1928 and a silver in the 1,600-meter relay in 1932. A good-humored chap, the marquess has been troubled in recent years by an arthritic hip. Not long ago his artificial hip joint was replaced and he had the old one mounted on the hood of his Rolls-Royce.

But the majority of IOC members are simply wealthy capitalists—that is, not counting half a dozen fellows from the Iron Curtain countries.

However exotic their backgrounds, when members of the IOC get together they resemble a freshly barbered assembly of wealthy Masons from Ypsilanti, Mich. Thus, Douglas Ferguson Roby, 74, a wealthy Mason from Ypsilanti, Mich., fits in nicely among the dukes and rajahs. The only American member besides Brundage, Roby has said, "Some of my best friends are on the committee. It's the bluest-blooded club in the world, but they're good guys. There's no selfishness. They're not like business associates are sometimes." Roby made his money as a salesman and, later, as board chairman of American Metal Products Co.

Of the restrained and undemocratic *modus operandi* within the IOC, Roby said, "We just can't get into the mews of democratizing the committee. It would get completely out of hand. We only want the kind of members who will follow our principles. To be a member you have to have spare time and some money and an amateur-sports background. You can't be, say, president of the New York Yankees and belong. That wouldn't do."

THE ULTIMATE OLYMPIC SPORT: GETTING THE GAMES

It is said by reliable Washington sources that the events surrounding the IOC's selection of a host city for 1976 cost Avery Brundage the Presidential Medal of Freedom, this nation's highest civilian award. Avery Brundage has received enough decorations from other countries to cover the chest of an even larger man,

but in the U.S. he has more or less had to settle for the Order of Lincoln from the state of Illinois. Brundage was believed to be in line for the Medal of Freedom until Los Angeles lost its bid, and a reliable source says, "It'll be a damn cold day now if Nixon pins anything on Brundage. The man simply shot down his own country."

Avery Brundage shot down his country? Perhaps. Perhaps not. Whatever the truth, the facts that are known are testimony to how astonishingly far the Olympics have come from the time a Greek cotton merchant had to get up the drachmas to pay for the stadium for the 1896 fun and Games.

The campaigns by the three cities under principal consideration for the 1976 honors—L.A., Montreal and Moscow—were diverse and cunning, involving, in various degrees, muscle, diplomatic cajolery, public-relations pressures and sentimentality. In Moscow, for example, the Russians pressed their bid with that old gimmick of the Western World—a press conference and cocktail party. The chief architect of Moscow appeared, as did several government ministers, lots of Soviet athletes and Mayor Vladimir Promyslov who said his city was prepared to spend more than \$200 million on the Games. Each correspondent was given a photograph album of Moscow and a record of Musevite songs. The minister of communications promised that the Iron Curtain would allow full and free transmission of news copy, and the minister of culture, Mme. Yekaterina Fursetva, her blonde curls bobbing, pleaded openly with the reporters for "favorable propaganda."

Montreal was almost entirely dependent on the wiles of its mayor, Jean Drapeau, who had produced Expo '67. Though Expo was an esthetic success, it was a financial failure and Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau said that the government would not provide one federal cent for the Olympics. But Drapeau kept up a barrage of brochures to IOC members and he entertained many of them in Montreal. When he appeared to make his final sales pitch before the IOC's annual meeting in Amsterdam in May 1970, he was faced with an embarrassing question: Would Montreal put up a financial guarantee for the Games? Drapeau replied: "The history of Montreal is our guarantee. It is a history of meeting and beating

challenges. That is our guarantee. If there is any doubt you have about Montreal, then . . . do . . . not . . . choose . . . us."

By this time the U.S. campaign had been in high gear for about three years. The Los Angeles group was chaired by Mayor Sam Yorty and included local politicians and Southern California businessmen. The operational leader was John B. (Jim) Kilroy, 50, who is said to have made millions in real estate developments.

One radiant afternoon last summer, Kilroy arrived for a luncheon interview at the California Yacht Club at the Marina del Rey in Los Angeles. The club is a cool and swanky place, the walls almost all windows, the better to look out on sparkling water, sun-washed docks and acres of varnished docks and bobbing masts. Kilroy fitted the setting; he is tall, lean and athletic and his dark tan contrasted splendidly with his white hair and, particularly, with his white teeth. He seemed much at ease, walking lightly and flashing his smile at people he recognized. He wore a blue shirt with KIALOA II stitched on the pocket. Kilroy had just flown in from Honolulu. The day before, *Kialoa II*, his 73-foot aluminum sloop, had been the sixth boat to finish in the Trans-Pac race.

The bartender said, "We heard it on the radio, Mr. Kilroy. Nice race." Kilroy shook his head and said, "No, there's only one place to finish in a race. First." The smile appeared briefly, tightly, against the tan. He sat down and ordered a draft beer and a shrimp salad. And then, in a deep and pleasant voice, he began the bizarre and disappointing saga of his involvement with the Olympic Games of 1976.

"We decided to take a hardnosed businessman's approach to our bid. All of us on the committee felt that business can do it better than government. So we laid our concept on the assumption that the Games would never put a burden on the taxpayers. I understand how taxpayers feel. You might say I'm a professional taxpayer with all I've contributed over the years."

He smiled fleetingly, and ran over some figures which he seemed to have memorized. He said that projections indicated that the Olympics in Los Angeles would be virtually cost-free since most of the facilities already existed. All



Marriage of gold medalists Harold Connolly of Boston, a hammer thrower, and Olga Fikova of Prague, a discus thrower, threw world into an Olympic tizzer.

things added in, a 1976 Olympics in California could make a profit of more than \$1 million. In its campaign to get the Games, the committee spent \$314,000, he said, but he emphasized that this total did not include many, many dollars worth of donations of corporate planes and pilots, personal payments of travel costs of the time of junior executives and secretaries assigned to work on the project. "I have been told that Denver spent over \$1 million to get the 1976 Winter Games," he said.

"I got into this thing in 1967 when Sam Yorty suggested we look into it. It was all Sam's idea, you know—not Washington's. Our campaign was under way during the Games in Mexico City. Our committee was there and every day we'd have an 8 a.m. breakfast planning session, setting up who was going to work on which delegation, who'd have lunch with the Japanese, who'd have a drink with the Nigerians. We had air fares to Acapulco for IOC members—

we'd been given the use of some Hughes Aircraft planes and pilots. We had one large reception in Mexico and I guess three, four hundred people came. Then, afterward, we had some IOC people up to see Disneyland and some of the movie sets in Hollywood.

"We had no Federal Government help in any of this, not in transportation, or hospitality or in printing. We had a great brochure finally and a movie that cost us \$37,000. We had about 5,000 brochures printed and we sent one to every state and federal elected official in the United States—assemblymen, state senators, congressmen. We mailed each IOC member one copy and we sent one of our own envoys from the committee to hand-deliver another copy.

"In the beginning, we had Montreal going against us and a couple of other so-called competitors—I believe, Italy, was one. The Russians weren't in then. We were really sailing along. All systems were go.

continued

OLYMPICS

"President Nixon sent a personal letter to every member of the IOC, guaranteeing that L.A. had the backing of the U.S. Government in bidding for the Games. Oh, the White House was very involved in our campaign. We never brought up Nixon's name because we thought everyone would accuse him of just doing it for publicity purposes. But he was with us—believe me, he was."

"We went to the President at one point and told him our problems and he very

State Department sent American coaches to Africa to hold symposiums and clinics. We had people all over the world those last months."

Many U.S. athletes have been critical of the L.A. '76 campaign, saying that it might have been successful if there had been some Olympians included in the sales force, such as Jesse Owens. Kilroy scoffed at this. He said, "Now what would an athlete have done with those IOC members? Jesse can't sit down with people like King Constantine and talk with the kind of men who are on the IOC. No, we had the right people."

Kilroy then recounted how Moscow had entered the competition late in 1969 and how Montreal stayed in regardless of its troubles raising money. "There was a kind of dress-rehearsal presentation before several sports federations in Munich early in the winter of 1970. We were told that Montreal fell on its face and that Moscow had no feel for making that kind of presentation."

Thus, the American delegation was very confident when the crucial IOC meetings began in Amsterdam on May 9, 1970.

"Our input indicated," Kilroy explained, "that we had 36 votes on the first ballot for sure. We counted the Soviet bloc with 27 votes and the Commonwealth bloc with seven. But the timing was not the best for our bid and the White

House was worried. There was the Cambodian problem, and the kids had just been killed at Kent State. Oh, it was very touchy. But we were prepared to face it. We were prepared to talk about it. Vietnam, too."

"Now let me set the scene. In Amsterdam we were housed in a downtown hotel quite a long way from the IOC hotel so there wouldn't be any last-min-

ute pressure on members. When we arrived, I went to see Avery to tell him our plans, to show him our guidelines. I told him that we were prepared to talk about Cambodia and Kent State and Vietnam—and that we welcomed any questions. Avery slammed his fist on the table and he said—oh, he was livid, in a rage—he said, 'There will be no politics in this! I will not permit a word to be said about Vietnam or Kent State or any other discussions along those lines!'

"Well, I was surprised," said Kilroy, "but I said O.K., Avery, fine, if that's the way you want it, that's fine. And now look what he did when he got home."

Kilroy held up a clipping from the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* dated June 2, 1970. The four-column headline said: WHY LOS ANGELES LOST OLYMPICS, with a subhead saying "War, Kent State Killings." And Mr. Brundage was quoted as saying that, indeed, the war and the killings in Ohio had influenced the vote against L.A. '76.

Kilroy flushed beneath his tan. "We were prepared to talk about all the conditions in the U.S. We were ready to talk about the black situation. We had blacks on our committee and we were going to let them speak. We had an Administration man and he was going to talk about Kent State. We said we were delighted to talk about our problems. Sure, and we would also be delighted to have the Russians talk about what they had done in Prague. The Russians tried to attack us about our smog. And we said, sure, we have smog, but so do you Reds. What about the Fiat plant in Moscow?"

"Oh, there was plenty of infighting going on. You think you've seen politics? Try an IOC meeting. The Russians were threatening to boycott Munich if the Germans didn't vote for Moscow. General Clark [the late Jose de J. Clark of Mexico, an IOC vice-president] told us he had to vote for Russia on the first ballot because they had promised to vote for him to replace Avery as president next year."

"The Russian tactics were incredible. At one party given by Queen Juliana, these two big burly Russians had this member of the IOC in a corner and every time the poor fellow would try to get away, they'd slam him back into the corner. Another IOC member from



Yachtwman Jay Kilroy sought the '76 Games for Los Angeles. He claims that Brundage sabotaged the bid.

generously gave us full time—a man from the State Department and one of Henry Kissinger's men to help in our checking around the world.

"We had access to intelligence on how the votes were going. It came from our embassies all over the world. Whenever we needed any input from them, all we had to do was ask, and they would give us a head count. At our suggestion the

a Russian-bloc country—Czechoslovakia—said he'd really like to talk to the L.A. delegation, but he was terrified to do it at the party. So we all kind of sneaked out to a little restaurant and met him there. He sat way in the back of the room, with his back to the door, kind of slouched over the table and nursed his glass and toasted L.A. We raised ours and toasted Prague right back.

"Well, we knew we had some problems after we'd been in Amsterdam for two days. Drapeau was hanging around the elevators at the IOC hotel all the time and he'd buttonhole every delegate who came out, which was against the rules. The Russians had a few of those burly guys who never smiled standing at all four corners of the balcony over the lobby. They were making notes on who was talking to whom. I thought I was in a foreign spy movie.

"For our actual presentation, we had a booth, and we were told ours was the best. We also had half an hour to make the pitch to the IOC assembled. Our film ran 21 minutes. Yorty spoke for three minutes, Preston Hochkis for three and I spoke for three and answered a few questions. We weren't allowed to watch the other countries' presentations, but I understand Russia's was about 40 years behind the times.

"We were criticized for our cash-flow analysis. Brundage called it 'high-dollar pressure.' But we really used a very low profile. I think we comported ourselves with dignity. Sure, it's hard to come on like a small, meek nation when you're the United States of America. But we geared our presentation to the fact that the Games would not be too big. We did not make any negative cracks. It was purely positive selling of L.A. We pointed out that TV would be live worldwide. That it would be prime time in Europe. And that this would be worth \$40 million in revenue. We pointed out that when it comes to television, L.A. is the hub of the industry."

Kilroy sipped glumly at his second beer, then shrugged and spoke quickly as if the memory were too bitter to dwell upon. "Well, it came to the day of the vote. Queen Juliana opened the 69th Congress of the IOC. Then the social and cultural minister of Holland—Dr. Klompe—makes this swell speech welcoming everyone to Amsterdam and

she says that she knows that all the IOC members know that the true spirit of the Olympics was shown 42 years ago when The Netherlands—a *small country*, she says—hosted the Games and she says it is her fond and fervent dream that the Olympics can be returned to the *small countries*!

"Then they show a movie about Amsterdam and there—big as life—is this shot of a plane from Air Canada!

"Then Avery gets up and he says, 'Why, to my great surprise, Dr. Klompe, you have given my speech.' This, of course, is a lie because I was in Avery's office two days before and I saw Dr. Klompe's speech on his desk then. Anyway, Brundage launches into this talk, also, about returning the Olympics to the small countries. Then he did some bad-mouthing about the U.S.—anarchy in the streets, Cambodia, riots in the schools, that sort of thing. It was a terrible tragedy. Avery sold out the United States.

"And, of course, once Avery was finished, it was just a matter of counting the votes." Kilroy shook his head. His smile had not broken through his tan for a long time.

Then he shrugged. "Well, we had a power play going and it just didn't work for us, that's all. Our input was not great, our intelligence broke down. But it didn't work for Russia either. The truth is, the IOC ignored all the facts. It ignored the fact that Montreal doesn't have the dough. The IOC is forcing the Canadian government to take over the financial burden. It ignored all the facts."

For the record, the facts were that on the first ballot the vote was Moscow 28, Montreal 25 and Los Angeles 17. A majority of 36 was required. On the second ballot, only Moscow and Montreal were included and the Canadians won with 41 votes. The total cost of the Montreal Games is estimated at \$500 million.

Jean Drapeau wept when the vote was announced. The Russians sulked. Mayor Sam Yorty said, "Well, if we couldn't get the Games, I'm glad, at least, they stayed in the Free World."

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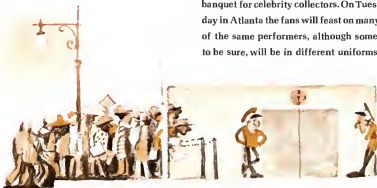
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STARS IN YOUR EYES

It may have other difficulties in these quickening times, but baseball still puts on the best All-Star Game in town. The big names are there, and they perform as if a pennant were at stake, with all their talent and skill. As these illustrations of last year's game in Detroit show, it is a banquet for celebrity collectors. On Tuesday in Atlanta the fans will feast on many of the same performers, although some, to be sure, will be in different uniforms.



If an All-Star exercises some ingenuity—by utilizing a back exit, for instance—those autograph seekers can be eluded.



Juan Marichal gets a leg up and Johnny
Bench a couple down as the plate
umpire prepares to give it the brush.



CONTINUED





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"Mountain hopping, it's sort of the jet age answer to mountain climbing."



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Pepi struts out again

Back at work, the Cuba' vagrant first baseman is pepping things up

A few weeks ago, on the kind of sunny afternoon Chicago fans enjoy spending in Philip K. Wrigley's ball park, Joe Pepitone was watching the Cubs. His once and future team was playing the Pirates. As Roberto Clemente came to the plate Pepitone said, "Notice how nothing moves when Roberto hits except his arms and legs." Then Pepitone hesitated for a second and tagged his line the way he might a hanging curve, "That's just the way I want to hit when I grow up."

At the age of 31 Pepitone has yet to convince his critics that he ever will grow up. His latest exploit, a two-month retirement that ended June 30, cost him some \$20,000, and while he says he misses the money he maintains it was the price of discovering how he truly feels about baseball. "I had a good spring and I looked forward to the season. But the strike layoff ruined my timing, and though I've had slumps before, this one was different. I hated coming to the ball park. Before this I had always loved baseball. I felt it just wasn't fair to take Mr. Wrigley's money."

Now Pepitone is on the payroll again. In return, he is breaking a sweat on the practice field, is batting .315 and has hit four home runs. Playing almost every game at first, he has not made an error. "Players who came into my bar in Chicago told me I didn't have to love baseball," Pepitone says. "They said it was just a job. But I have to be interested to play the game. I went to the ball park a few times and I found myself thinking about strategy. That's when I decided to come back."

Pepitone had one publicized walkout when he was with the Yankees and another when he suddenly deserted that giant hair dryer in Houston two years ago. Those, he says, were precipitated



by domestic problems and did not involve the fundamental issue of his love for the game. "As a player, at least, Joe has matured," says Cub Pitcher Steve Hamilton, who had been a Yankee teammate of Pepitone's. "He knows what he can do." And that is plenty. Pepitone's .307 season in 1971 is an example. It included a 19-game hitting streak and 16 home runs.

Joe Torre of the Cardinals, who once played sandlot ball against Pepitone in Brooklyn, believes the Yankee experience was not to Pepitone's benefit. "He got a lot of publicity when he hit .260," Torre says. "If he played anywhere else he would have had to hit 30 or 40 points higher to get all that attention. And he probably would have hit .300." Torre, who played sandlot for something called the Brooklyn Cadets, remembers big league scouts talking about Pepitone's spectacular play for the Nathan's Famous team 15 years ago. "They said he could run, field and hit," Torre recalls, "and they were right." But he had some other attributes, too. On the field for Nathan's, he was a hot dog. And off it, he had more than his share of pun.

Pepitone was 16 and recuperating from a bullet wound in the stomach (he was the innocent victim of a zip-gun shooting in a high school corridor) when his father died suddenly, at 39, of a heart attack. "If my father were alive," Pepitone says, "I never would have mar-

ried twice. I probably would not have married at all. I would never have had my financial problems. With him as my personal manager, I would have had it all, a boat, a Lear jet, everything." Apparently William Pepitone, a construction supervisor, could handle his son—something no baseball manager has claimed. "If my father told me to be home at nine o'clock," Joe says, "I would be in at 8:45. God forbid if I came in one minute after nine."

Leo Durocher and Pepitone have co-existed more or less peacefully for two seasons, and while Durocher recognizes his first baseman's ability to hit and field, he does not pretend to understand him. When asked to comment on his recent leave-taking, Durocher growled, "What can I say? I can't open the man's head."

He probably wishes he could. For Durocher needs Pepitone if the Cubs are to be more serious contenders in their division. In the final two months of the 1970 season Pepitone hit safely 57 times in 56 games, had 12 homers and drove in 44 runs. If he could approach that performance again, the Cubs would have something to say to the Pirates and Mets.

Hit or miss, Pepitone is a figure to be reckoned with. He still struts to the plate with his head canted just so—the kind of walk a New Yorker cultivates when he is the biggest stackball hitter on the block. And his tongue is as fast as ever. During one batting practice a rookie pitcher threw him a scuffed baseball. "It's dirty!" Pepitone shouted at him. "It's that any kind of a ball to throw to a former Yankee great?"

THE WEEK

by JOE JARES

AL EAST Mackey Lolich went nine innings Thursday for the 15th time this season as first-place Detroit beat the Royals 6-4. It was Lolich's 15th win against six losses and his seventh complete game in his last eight starts. Can he reach 10, like famed ex-teammate Denny McLain? "I've pitched some 180 innings [182 to be precise] with half a season to go. I'm tired and I admit it," he said. "Winning 10 is too much."

Continued

Baltimore was having a fairly easy time against the strong teams but falling flat against the supposed weak sisters: the Orioles were a sad 24-26 against the bottom four clubs in each division. "We're just not hitting," lamented Manager Earl Weaver.

Boston Shortstop Rico Petrocelli, who is having eye difficulties, announced he would have a surgery removed during the All-Star break. But Shortstop Juan Beniquez was having worse problems, making six errors in two games (an AL record) and scaring box-seat holders with his wild throws as the Red Sox played a .500 week. By contrast, another infielder in the division, Colerino Sanchez of New York, was fielding beautifully at third base and hitting well, too. His .282 average was some solace in a 3-6 week.

No telling where Cleveland would be without Gaylord (Mr. Moust) Perry. Friday night he earned his 15th victory by shutting out the Rangers for 13 innings before getting help in the 14th in a 2-0 win. Four of his seven losses have been by one run. "We want to win so badly for Gaylord that we press," said Buddy Bell. "I never saw a ball-player like him, and I probably never will again. He won't let himself lose."

Milwaukee's John Briggs hit two homers, one of them a grand slam, against the Angels Friday. The next day, chasing a long fly ball in the ninth inning, he crashed into the left-field wall and had to be hospitalized. It was typical of Milwaukee's season. The Brewers' 31-46 record is the league's worst.

DET 49-38 BAL 44-36 BOS 37-39
NY 37-40 CLR 36-45 MIL 31-48

AL WEST Oakland lost three at home and Manager Dick Williams decided to do some screaming and stomping—at which he has few peers. He called a clubhouse meeting and blustered ears for 20 minutes. "Mistakes happen, but stupid baseball won't be tolerated," he said. "I don't like lary baseball." The A's then swept four from New York.

Four Chicago regulars were hobbled by injuries, but at least Dick Allen's sore toe did not bother him for long. He hurt it Wednesday, then came back to go four for five Friday and got his 19th homer and 60th RBI of the year. Carlos May had a fumble festival in the field, including one fly ball in Cleveland that he juggled into a home run.

In its last seven games Minnesota's mad-as-hell attack came to life with 49 runs. Bert Blyleven appreciated the resurrection more than anybody. Blyleven had pitched 25 innings without the Twins scoring a run for him. Then, against the Brewers, the Twins got six in one inning to set up an easy victory.

At one point in the week Kansas City's outfield of Richie Schenblum, Lou Piniella and Amos Otis raked one-two-three in league batting, but 245-pound Relief Pitch-

er Ken Wright got some attention, too. He did a good job against the Orioles Monday, fell from grace by walking in the winning Oriole run on four pitches Tuesday and earned a save Friday versus the Tigers. "They may laugh when they see him come in," says Manager Bob Lemon, "but that's before they have to bat against him."

"Sending a batter out to face Nolan Ryan at twilight is the same thing as capital punishment," said Boston Manager Eddie Kasko after the California hurler had beaten the Boston 3-0, set an AL record by striking out eight in a row and becoming the 14th pitcher in history to strike out a side on nine pitches. Friday night Milwaukee's host Ryan 3-and ended his scoreless-inning streak at 23. Texas, hurting plenty already, lost Pitcher Jim Stollenwerk with a broken right ankle.

OAK 51-30 CHI 48-37 MINN 42-32
KC 41-40 CAL 37-48 TEX 36-48

NL EAST "Pittsburgh is the best team I've ever seen since I've been in the game," said the Braves' Henry Aaron, but to Pirate Manager Bill Virden it is merely "the best hitting club I've ever seen." To illustrate: Vic Davalillo, a benchwarmer, was hitting .361, tops in the league. The division leaders were also getting perfect fireman duty from Dave Giusti, who shut out the Astros for two innings Saturday to preserve a 5-1 win. It was his 17th straight scoreless relief appearance.

New York called up Dave Schreck from the Memphis Blues to be the 13th Met outfielder this season. The Vietnam vet, who had been leading the Texas League with 24 home runs, hit a two-run homer in his third major league at bat to help Tom Seaver beat the Padres 3-2 Friday night.

Bob Gibson hit his 20th career home run and helped himself and St. Louis to a 7-0 win over the Braves. It was his ninth consecutive victory and 53rd career shutout. The Cards' Lou Brock continued his hot hitting, in spite of using borrowed bats. He rapped out five hits Tuesday swinging a Donn Clendenon model. Chicago's Billy Williams was even hotter, especially in a joyous Tuesday doubleheader against the Astros. "Mr. Williams," as teammate Joe Pophone calls him, went eight for eight, including a homer in each game and four RBIs. "It was a week's work in one day," marveled Manager Leo Durocher. Williams averaged .613 for the week, but it was that one-day week he wanted to talk about. "I've never had eight for eight, even in the Little League," he said.

Montreal ended the week winning two from the Dodgers. Balor Moore enjoyed his first major league win Friday night, 9-1, but Manager Gene Mauch was just as in-

volved in the battle as Moore himself. Mauch aggravated a muscle in his right leg charging the umpire to dispute a play in the ninth inning. Philadelphia, 22 games back, took out its anger on the Giants Saturday, scoring 11 runs in the seventh inning. The San Francisco nightmare lasted 48 minutes.

PIT 50-30 NY 47-38 ST. L 43-36
CHI 43-40 MONT 36-44 PHIL 36-38

NL WEST Cincinnati started the week by losing a doubleheader to the Cubs before 52,116 fans, the biggest crowd in the city's long baseball history. Then the Reds got busy and made themselves into an artistic as well as financial success by sweeping a three-game series from Pittsburgh. The Pirates were shut out twice, 5-0 by Jack Billingham (making his first start in 13 days) and 2-0 by Gary Nolan, who became the league's first 13-game winner. Johnny Bench had three homers and six hits off the Pirates in two nights. Perhaps Henry Aaron's "best team ever" was slightly short of that after all.

Houston, on the other hand, could not handle Pittsburgh, which is nothing new. The Astros have a combined 17-68 record in Forbes Field and Three Rivers Stadium. Losses 67 and 68 came Friday and Saturday. Part of the trouble was that Cesar Cedeno and his .345 batting average were missing from the Astro lineup. He was suffering from a groin muscle pull.

Los Angeles had a depressing week. The club's plane was grounded in Philadelphia Wednesday night as a security measure against hijacking. Then the Dodgers gave up 17 hits to the Expos Friday in a 9-1 loss and fell to Montreal again Saturday 3-2. Atlanta, too, was depressed, mostly because of injuries to Outfielder Ralph Giar brained a heel and Second Baseman Felix Millan ruptured a hamstring muscle. Pitcher Tom Kelley hurt an ankle again and was ineffective in one game. Outfielder Dusty Baker caught a virus and Rico Carty was sidelined with tendinitis etc., sob, etc. Trying anything to stop San Francisco's slide a few weeks ago, Manager Charlie Fox sent Bobby Bonds out to prevent the lineup card. Since then the Giants have won 15 of 20 and Bonds is one of those chiefly responsible, but not just by running errands. Friday night he had his biggest game, getting a homer, triple, two singles and a walk in five at bats against Philly.

San Diego's Lenon Lee was hit by a Montreal pitch for the second time this season. The first time he was knocked out. This time his right middle finger was broken. Lee said of Expo Manager Gene Mauch: "I'll get him someday, and he knows it."

CIN 49-31 HOUS 48-38 LA 43-40
ATL 38-48 SF 37-50 SD 30-52

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SPEEDY CROWN outlegs Fresh Yankee, a Canadian pacerist, at Roosevelt's "summit"

Three for the big money

On a Saturday both eventful and bizarre, trotting's millionaireesses go International and a pacing bird strides into their exclusive club

It was the scent of riches that lured the French mare Une de Mai, the leading money-winner in harness-racing history, to Long Island's Roosevelt Raceway last Saturday night, and it was the same unmistakable aroma that whipped her handlers into a Gallic rage when she was in effect evicted from that track's prestigious International Trot. The abrupt banishment left a bitter aftertaste, but the sport's big-money horses had a full weekend in New York State all the same. Right there in the International, for example, the Canadian-owned mare Fresh Yankee, second on the all-time money list, further enriched her owner by finishing runner-up to America's Speedy Crown. Meanwhile, in the upscale resort town of Saratoga Springs, the 4-year-old pacer Albatross won a purse just large enough to make him both a millionaire and, easy as that, the third richest harness horse ever.

The sophisticates who frequent Roosevelt's betting windows can probably deduce from this—and it may even have oc-

curred to a few of the shirt-sleeved tourists at Saratoga—that harness horses are becoming ever more proficient at converting oats into dollars. Although 10 U.S. thoroughbreds have reached the \$1 million mark, headed by Kekeo at \$1,977,896, none is still running. By comparison, only five trotters or pacers have won \$1 million, but the Big Three among them are all active. After the final hoofbeat sounded last week, the earnings report read Une de Mai \$1,545,740, Fresh Yankee \$1,251,502 and Albatross \$1,001,868.

The trio's financial status reflects not only improving purses—witness the International's \$125,000—but the sturdy disposition of harness horses. "There's just less wear and tear on our animals," says Trainer-Driver Billy Haughton. This makes for longer and busier careers—it is not unusual for top trotters to have 30 or more starts a year—and it helps explain why Une de Mai and Fresh Yankee have enjoyed successes that no thoroughbred mare can rival.

Until Speedy Crown triumphed an

what Roosevelt calls harness racing's "summit gathering," the International had been won by mares six straight years, and by foreign horses seven straight. Une de Mai had played a spectacular role in both these streaks, having taken two of the last three Internationals, and that partly explained the commotion the 8-year-old bay caused following her arrival from Paris. A bizarre chain of circumstances began with a mixup over documents that resulted in the horse being quarantined in New Jersey by the U.S. Department of Agriculture for 48 hours instead of the usual 24. Getting little exercise during that period, she arrived at Roosevelt with her hind-quarter muscles so tightened up that Jean-René Gougeon, her driver-trainer, crinkled his sloping forehead and, utterly exhausting his English, proclaimed, "No good, no race."

No sooner did the headlines UNE DE MAI DOUBTFUL STARTER begin appearing than her owner, Count Pierre de Montesson, arrived from France. Inspecting his mare late Friday afternoon—it was Bastille Day—he pronounced her condition "100%", better" and resolved to race her. Montesson, a frozen-meat mogul in Normandy, is a swart man with droopy hound dog features, and what followed did nothing to unburden his expression. Though relieved that Une de Mai apparently would be racing after all, Roosevelt nonetheless barred betting on her because of what a track spokesman called "her dubious physical nature." It was the rationale that was dubious, as a group of rival drivers firmly pointed out to the New York Harness Racing Commission barely two hours before the race.

The protesters included Howard Bessinger, who bred Speedy Crown and has continued to train and drive the 4-year-old bay even though he sold him to the Lana Lobell Farms just two weeks ago. Bessinger, a folksy sort with a fondness for rodeo, drove Speedy Crown to victory in last year's Hambletonian and brought his trotter into the Roosevelt with five straight wins. It no doubt helped Bessinger's confidence that the last U.S. horse to win the International was Speedy Crown's sire, Speedy Scot, in

continued

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1964. "He's as good as any horse here," said Beissinger of Speedy Crown.

He included Une de Mai in that assessment, but this did not prevent him from arguing, correctly, that harness horses are customarily barred from betting because they are prohibitive favorites—not because of a possible indisposition. "If she's not sound to bet on, she's not sound to race," he insisted. The commission belatedly agreed.

When the announcement that Une de Mai had been ordered scratched came over Roosevelt's P.A. system, Gougeon was already in the paddock preparing to race. "This would never have happened at home," he fumed. For his part, Montesson inveighed against U.S. racing officials and turf writers, lumping them together as *les petites gens*—the little people.

So poor Une de Mai, wrapped in a blue blanket, stood forlornly in a paddock stall as the reduced field of six went into motion on the synthetic Roosevelt track. The race developed into a two-horse affair between Speedy Crown and the 9-year-old Fresh Yankee, sometimes called "the Cinderella mare" because Nova Scotia lumberman Duncan MacDonald bought her as a yearling for a mere \$900. Speedy Crown took the lead at the quarter pole, with Fresh Yankee, driven by the veteran Joe O'Brien, tucking in behind, and it quickly became obvious that both respected the 1½-mile distance, a slightly longer race than U.S. horses are used to.

Beissinger had not intended to go to the front so soon, for fear of tiring Speedy Crown, but had reluctantly done so when

the early leader, a Belgian 5-year-old named Fidele, cut a slow pace. "Nobody else moved, so I had to," Beissinger explained later. O'Brien was conserving Fresh Yankee for the stretch, waiting in vain for somebody else to challenge Speedy Crown. When nobody did, the Canadian mare finally made a move coming out of the last turn, briefly exciting the crowd of 36,000, but Speedy Crown held her off to win by three-quarters of a length in a relatively poky 2:35½.

"Speedy Crown's a darn good horse," O'Brien said afterward. Then he added, "He's also a younger horse." O'Brien had agreed with the move to have Une de Mai scratched, but an ironic thought now occurred to him. "It might have been different with Une de Mai in there," he said. "Maybe she would have gone with Speedy Crown and worn him down a bit." O'Brien could console himself with the second-place purse of \$31,250.

No such complications marred Saturday afternoon's proceedings on the dirt track in Saratoga, where Albatross outclassed six rivals by an awesome 14 lengths. Stanley Dancer, his trainer-driver, did not get the world-record clocking he had hoped for, but it hardly mattered. By taking the \$8,000 purse the Big Bird became not only the third-richest harness horse ever, but the youngest to reach the \$1 million mark.

Albatross' victory also helped vindicate Dancer, an accomplished horseman who suddenly found himself an embattled figure earlier this year after suffering a spinal fracture in Florida when a fence railing broke beneath him. His back in a cast, Dancer drove Albatross

to an unprecedented string of three straight losses—two seconds and a third—and the syndicate that owned the horse, accustomed to nothing but victory, voted to let the driver go. Dancer responded with a breach-of-contract suit. The matter was resolved when control of the horse passed to the sport's biggest breeder, Pennsylvania's Hanover Shoe Farm, which quickly reinstated Dancer. He drove Albatross to nine straight wins following the three losses and now, with a mile-track pacing record of 1:54½ already in hand, felt he could beat Bret Hanover's 1:57 mark for half-mile tracks, made when he was 3.

When the small, cozy Saratoga harness track was elected for the half-mile record attempt, the purse was sweetened to enable Albatross, should he win, to pass both Rum Customer and Cardigan Bay, retired pacers who had barely cleared \$1 million. Ballyhoosing the event, the track passed out photos of Albatross, offered prizes for the best letters to the horse ("When my daddy takes me to the track, will you please fly for me?") and rechristened its hot dogs "bird dogs."

The temperature hovered near 90° on race morning, but Dancer was happy. Sipping iced tea, he told SI's Herman Weiskopf, "This is the best weather we could have. All the record times by harness horses have been achieved in daylight and hot weather."

With a holiday crowd of 5,600 on hand in a holiday mood, Albatross flew—but not quite high enough. After rushing to a commanding lead at the quarter pole, he finished in 1:57½, less than a second off the pacing record. A stiff breeze had come up and, Dancer said, "That's what made the difference." Even so, it was Albatross' 30th mile in two minutes or better, putting him even with the legendary Dan Patch and just one behind Bret Hanover.

The Big Bird, whose record is now 49 wins in 58 starts, is expected to go into stud at year's end, a reward that also awaits Speedy Crown. The \$62,500 International purse raised Speedy Crown's career earnings to \$367,369 and, because he is still so young, he probably could become a millionaire, too. But he is also syndicated and, as Howard Beissinger calculates it, "He's probably good for \$250,000 a year in stud." Pulling a sulky is not the only way a good harness horse can strike it rich.

END



NEWEST MILLION-DOLLAR LEGS IN THE SPORT BELONG TO THE PACER ALBATROSS



Cooches tried to avoid steelworker Hank Slider until they saw him ewish baskets. Now they consider him a savior, one who spends his summers teaching their young shooters how to etey hot during the winter

A blessing in disguise from Bethlehem

Don Rickles would not waste his time insulting Hank Slider. Faunchy, 47, and limping slightly, Slider is easy prey for anyone when he waddles to the foul line at a summer basketball camp and begins peppering the basket with shots. But oddly enough, the ball seems always to go in. "It's too small," somebody says. Or, "The basket's too big." Accustomed to hearing such talk, Slider tells the skeptics, "I put magnetic paint on the rim to attract the ball," and then he pops in another 10 or 15 straight.

The explanation seems as probable as any, coming as it does from a man who makes his living at the Bethlehem Steel plant not far from his hometown of Allentown, Pa., but there is something about the way he shoots—the flick of his wrist, the steady guide hand, the complete follow-through—that destroys the magnetic paint argument. Maybe Hank Slider is as good as he appears to be.

Such college coaches as Bill Foster of Utah, Bucky Waters of Duke and Harry Litwack of Temple think he is. They hire him to teach shooting, and if there is a better man at the art, particularly

with kids, they will be surprised. "There are always plenty of other coaches at the summer camp Coach Foster and I run," Litwack says. "But when Hank is scheduled to speak, they all listen. Every coach can teach shooting, but this fellow has made a science of it and when he demonstrates, the hall goes in. He shoots 25 from different parts of the court and 25 go in." "His ability to teach borders on genius," says Waters. "I guess Hank is about 6'3". In one demonstration I saw him go head to head against 6'9" Jim Williams who was then a starter for Temple. Hank told Williams how and when he was going to shoot his hook shot and Jim still wasn't able to block it." Duke's foul-shooting improved from 67 to 76% after Slider worked one season with the Blue Devils. Lafayette and Fordham players, who are small by today's standards but who have winning percentages disproportionate to their size, have benefited from his individual instruction.

Sharpening players' shooting skills for midwinter games has turned the off-season into something of an on-season for Slider. His specialized expertise

makes him a sought-after addition to the staffs of summer basketball camps, those intensive training centers designed primarily for high school players that have now spread coast-to-coast. The past two summers Slider's lecture tour has taken him to camps from Wildwood, N.J. to San Diego. This August he even will become a ladies' man, for he will appear as an instructor at a women's developmental camp in Fairfield, Iowa and help train a U.S. team that hopes to tour Russia in 1973. The camp also marks the beginning of preparations to put together a U.S. Olympic squad in case a proposal to add women's basketball to the Games in 1976 is approved.

Slider loves to attend camps, but, to be practical about it, he has trouble getting to them because he never knows which shift he will be working at the steel plant. He mentioned this difficulty when he first met Litwack and Foster some 10 years ago, and that almost undid his career as an instructor before it had started. "We just wanted the guy to go away," Foster says, "but he was so persistent we gave him a chance. It was one of the smartest moves we ever

continued

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The Mark of a Pro...



Pro golfer Tom Wenskopf has a lot to smile about. Recently he captured first place and golfdom's biggest purse, \$52,000, in the "Jackie Gleason Invitational Classic" at Miami, Florida. And, he's got a great stylist in Harry Smith to keep him looking like a Pro, on or off the links.

Naturally, Harry Smith is a Roffler Stylist. At the Roman Forum Barber and Styling Shop in Columbus, Ohio his customers know that Roffler shield he wears is the mark of a Pro. Look for it, just as Tom Wenskopf does whenever he wants to "get out of the rough."

Harry Smith—Roffler Stylist
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BASKETBALL continued

made." Earlier, Slider had persuaded John Silan of Delaware Valley College and Howe Landis of Mercer County Community College in New Jersey that he was a teaching professional in the same sense that a golf, skiing or tennis instructor was.

Unlike many other shooting coaches who advise their students to eye the rim as they prepare to fire, Slider urges concentration on the basket. "You have 18 inches to work with," he says, "almost twice the diameter of a ball. It is much easier to put the ball in a basket that big than to aim at the rim."

Slider begins all of his instruction at the foul line because "that is where the mistakes show up." He claims a player who has developed a bad habit at the line will repeat the mistake when he shoots his jump shot from the floor. The thumb and tips of the second and third fingers of the shooting hand do all the work, Slider says. The fourth and little fingers of the guide hand are important because they must get under the ball and elevate it to the tips of the shooting hand fingers. Keeping the ball on the tips of the fingers is paramount. To make youngsters remember this, Slider has developed his Soft Touch Training Glove. It is a half-fingered mitt with a large pad in the palm to push the ball up on the fingers and a stiff plastic rib in the back to ensure the proper wrist action. "I designed it for kids, but a few older fellows are using it," says Slider. "I don't know if it would be legal for college games and I don't care. It is a training aid."

In all his years of starting at the free throw line, Slider has had only one real failure that he knows about, but it was outstanding. "Wilt Chamberlain was something else. You can invent a game, show it to Wilt and 15 minutes later he will beat your brains out. But he does not want to learn foul-shooting," says Slider, who once tried to help Chamberlain—obviously to no avail. Bobby Lloyd, the former Rutgers player who still holds the NCAA major-college consecutive free throw record (66), worked often with Slider during summers and feels it helped his shooting. "He broke it down to its simplest elements. I watched him work with a boy for 30 minutes and the improvement was obvious. It was like a refresher course for me," says Lloyd.

Slider's approach to shooting is not

doctrinaire. "He does not overimpose his style. He shows tremendous flexibility in teaching without interfering with the natural shooting patterns of his students," says Foster.

"I would not dare change a player who was putting the ball in the basket," says Slider. Once when a coach asked him why he had just demonstrated two different methods to two boys, Slider answered, "Because I was teaching two human beings."

Slider's own basketball background is minimal. He was a varsity substitute at Allentown High School before he enlisted in the Navy halfway through his senior year in 1943. When he got out of the service in 1945, he and an aptly named buddy, Ralph Baskett, headed west to Baskett's native Arizona. Baskett made the team at Arizona State and Slider, who planned to enroll the next semester, stayed in shape by playing for Del Webb's Webboos, an AAU club. But the Webboos played a few pro teams and Slider's eligibility as an amateur was questioned. Rather than wait a year for a ruling on his status, he turned pro. His career lasted less than a year before a congenital back problem, which causes his present limp, ended it. Depressed, he went through a series of odd jobs, returned to Allentown in 1948 and began drinking and gambling heavily. The next two years, he recalls, were the worst of his life. And then one day he began to teach basketball to boys at a Salvation Army recreation center.

"I examined myself for the first time," he says. "I always could shoot well, but I never knew why. I began thinking about the process, and I discovered a lot of things, including the fact that I enjoyed teaching."

Though he permits all kinds of individuality in shooters, there is one thing he insists every player must have: a fluid movement of arm, wrist and fingertips. "It is just one motion to the basket," he says. And he has one surprising theory about shooting that does not involve the shooter. "When players pass, I tell them to put a slight spin on the ball so the shooter immediately gets the feel of it. My son David, who is a junior at Muhlenberg, knows how. He feeds me at my clinics, and then I can really shoot."

So the method is simple. Give it a spin, add some magnetic paint and let her rip.

END

59

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Belgium's incomparable Eddy is sovereign of his sport, a pleaser of kings and a man who has made Merckxists of the masses throughout the world by JOHN UNDERWOOD

The Majesty of Monsieur **MERCKX**

The manager of Eddy Merckx (pronounced mayrks) was putting away a platter of raw ground meat (*Filer Americain* on the menu) with a side of tomato and watercress. He had chosen the table for privacy, deep in the bowels of the hotel restaurant, which was near the Ghent railroad station. A crowd had been building out front since mid-afternoon. Cycling fans loitered in the lobby and in the restaurant over bottles of *genever*, pollinating the night air with eve-of-the-race hearsay and spilling into the street to circle the parked cars that carried the bicycles. These were pinned to the roofs of the cars like so many brightly lacquered lures on a fisherman's hat and lent the only color to the rain-waxed square. A rumpled gray relic of a town, Ghent hunches up from the Belgian flatlands, dominating plains traversed for many centuries by armies marching to and from Paris. Ghent does not swing, it flinches.

An American sitting at the table with the manager and an interpreter-chauffeur the American had hired in Brussels said if it were another time, he might be waiting to see Charlemagne or Napoleon or Hitler, who had also passed that way, instead of Eddy Merckx.

"What?" said the interpreter. "Pardon? I—you must forgive, sir. It is the first time I am so short with a champion."

"Short?" said the American.

continued

Merckx (in pink) went on to win the 1972 Italian tour, but here he just bides his time.

"There," he nodded toward a table where a group of young men were having what would be called in South Bend a team meal. "Eddy Merckx."

"Oh, *eloso*. You have never been so close."

"Yes. That is it." He was beaming. The object of his admiration sat quietly in the midst of his fellow diners. He had the lean look of a fencer and appeared more Latin than Flemish: olive skin, coarse black hair low on the forehead, heavy-lidded eyes.

His group, the 17-man team called "Molteni" after the Italian salami king who sponsors it, had passed from hors d'oeuvres to steaming bowls of vegetables and meat and was, by the volume of conversation, in high spirits. There were bottles of red wine on the table. Tomorrow they would ride bicycles for six hours without stopping, and they were in the final fueling process. Now and again grown people and children lingered at a respectful distance to stare at the lean young man in the middle. One small boy wore a cyclist's cap with EDDY MERCKX embroidered on the bottom and an image of the man at the table sewn on the peak.

Subrina Merckx, 2, seems determined to follow in her father's tire tracks.



"He is an idol," said the manager, gesturing with his fork. "There has never been one like him, never in the history of cycling. Not Anquetil. Not Poulidor. No one."

"He has been shooting with the king," said the interpreter. "He is a friend of the king. He shot the deer."

The manager nodded. He told a story for the interpreter to pass on: "The king has one of the bicycles. It is sent to him by Eddy Merckx. One that is used by Eddy Merckx as he wins the 1969 Tour de France. In 1969 he is the first Belgian in 30 years to win the Tour de France, and he is invited to the palace. He was again in 1970 and again in 1971. When the dignitaries and photographers come to see the king he takes them to his special closet and pulls back the curtain and, *Vollé!*—The Bicycle. It is white, with Eddy's name and picture on it. The official Eddy Merckx model. We have a contract to make 50,000 to sell in America."

"On Sunday," said the interpreter, "King Baudouin takes the bicycle out and rides on the palace grounds at Laeken. He also has one of Eddy's yellow shirts from the Tour in 1969."

The interpreter said the king sometimes puts on ordinary street clothes and gets into his Mercedes and sneaks out for a drive alone, and nobody recognizes him. "Eddy Merckx could not do this," he said. "He would cause a mob. The people know Eddy better than they do the king."

"Why is it yellow?" asked the American. His listeners seem confused. "The shirt, I mean."

The manager clucked his tongue reproachfully. His name was Jean Van Buggenhout. Years before he had been a cyclist, too, but now in middle age he had grown gray and portly.

"The yellow shirt, the *maillot jaune*, is worn by the leader of the Tour as identification," he said. "You do not know about the bicycles, I see."

"I have lived a sheltered life," said the American.

"Then you cannot understand how the people feel," said the interpreter. "Cycling is the, ah, how do you say—"

"Opiate?"

"—passion of the people."

"Tomorrow you will ride in the car with me," said the manager. "You will see for yourself. Eddy is an idol because the people know he must labor."

When the racing car wins at Le Mans the mechanics win. But Eddy—he must labor. Do you understand?"

"I understand that he rides bicycles very fast. And often. And I have read that he makes \$400,000 a year doing it, and that *The New York Times* runs an annual story from Paris describing Eddy Merckx's victory in the Tour de France, and that the story compares him with Beethoven and Cassius Clay. 'C'est Cassius Clay. C'est Beethoven.'"

The manager sighed. "Do you know of Mrs. Ethel Kennedy? Do you know of the Gillette razor blade?"

"Yes, I know of those two."

The manager produced a clipping from his portfolio. It showed the results of a poll that had been taken by the Spanish magazine *El Mundo* in 1970. Ethel Kennedy, American housewife, had been voted the world's most popular (admired) figure. Second was Eddy Merckx, Belgian cyclist. There were two other clippings, from 1971, of Merckx being chosen Athlete of the Year by a) the International Sports Correspondents (with Mark Spitz third, Jackie Stewart sixth, Joe Frazier seventh) and b) the UPI (with Switzer second, Lee Trevino ninth).

Furthermore, he said, Eddy was now appearing on television, shaving with a Gillette razor, and he also endorsed Ariel soap powder, Adidas shoes and Vittel Perrier mineral water. He fished again into his portfolio and produced a small poster of Eddy, smiling appealingly and wearing a red turtleneck and holding up an oversized package of Clark's Tendermint gum. Merckx was not identified on the poster save for his signature, which was indecipherable. Gum-chewers will know the face.

"We have invested in land and in buildings, but we must turn down many opportunities," said the manager. "We must be discreet." That very day, he said, he had refused to allow Eddy's name on an inferior package of macaroni, and there was an unacceptable hat Eddy would not be endorsing (or wearing) and the grand opening of a pharmacy he would, with regrets, have to pass up.

"He is a millionaire at 27 years of age," said the interpreter.

The manager nodded, apparently in agreement, though the interpreter's English sometimes confounded him.

A tall man came to the table and was

introduced as Theo Van Griethuysen, editor of *Les Sports*, the sports newspaper of Belgium. In fluent English Theo identified himself as an old and faithful Merckxist. Van Griethuysen said he had a son attending college in Louisiana and was therefore familiar with the American ignorance about bicycle racing.

"I understand Eddy will not race in the Tour de France this year," said the American, attempting to recoup. "What a pity."

Theo threw back his head and laughed. "Mere gossip," he said. He repeated the rumor in French for the manager, who shook his head from side to side on hearing a sad but familiar calumny.

"But I read it in—"

"Does the crown prince not go to his coronation?" Van Griethuysen said. "It is a story for the French journalists to cluck over. Each would like to be the first to say Eddy is finished. They cannot wait to say it. Last time in the Jura, racing between Belfort and Dronne-les-Bains, he straightened up on his bicycle. He rode for 30 yards that way, with his back straight, to rest or to get out a kink, whatever. Robert Chapatte of Radio Europe announced to the world, 'Merckx is in trouble! Eddy Merckx is finished!' It is wishful thinking. Eddy wins by a bicycle length. It is true that Eddy races harder than anyone and too often, I think, but he will be champion for another five years."

The four men all turned to look appreciatively at Merckx. He had been laughing at something that had been said at the Molteni table and now appeared to be into a story of his own.

"I thought that he was supposed to be very shy and retiring," said the American.

"He is happy when he is with his team," said Van Griethuysen. "Then he laughs. Then he tells jokes. With others he is shy."

"He is not an excited man," said the manager. "He talks with his feet. That is his expression. When he is on the bicycle he has a great temper. When he is off he has no temper."

The editor told of an incident in the Liège-Bastogne-Liège race in 1970, of which his newspaper was the sponsor and he the principal official. The cyclists—Eddy Merckx leading them—had come near the finish, turning onto a narrow dirt road along an incline. One of them, Eric de Vlaeminck of Belgium,

hidden from view of the judges, "reached out and grabbed Eddy's shirt, disturbing his equilibrium and allowing his brother Roger de Vlaeminck to win the race. Eddy was furious, but he did not protest. He did not come to blows with the man. That is not his mentality. He knew he would get him next time.

"This was, of course, an unusual circumstance. These things do not happen so often today because the races are closely scrutinized, even with helicopters. The days of bashing the riders with sticks and strewing tacks and nails in their paths are over."

"It is Eddy's desire to always be the best whatever he is doing," said the manager. "Boxing. Soccer. Tennis. They had the baskets match on television. A benefit exhibition, that is all. *N'importe*. But Eddy, he practices for two weeks to be ready. He must look good. His team wins by 25 points. Eddy is very good."

"What of his teammates?" asked the American. "He is a star. He makes all the money. They live in his shadow. How do they accept this?"

"They are there to serve him," said the editor. "That is their function. *Domestiques*. He never asks for special attention, but he is the boss. Not Molteni. Not the coach. Eddy. He can be very hard with them, but it is for the discipline of the team. When he does well, they do well. They make money. They are very good *domestiques*. Some are good to lead in the mountains. *Grimpeurs*. Others are very good on the flats. Eddy, of course, is good everywhere."

"But they are there to run his interference, to pace him, to block for him, to do whatever is necessary?"

"Of course."

"And away from his bike he makes no waves."

"Oh, he has been known to have a glass of champagne and once, in Paris, he won a beer-drinking contest from Jacques Anquetil, who had to be carried out. He must win, you see. But he can overdo it when he is away from Claudine."

"Claudine?"

"His wife. A lovely young lady. She is very strong. She knows what she wants."

The team meal had broken up and Eddy Merckx came over to his manager's table. Standing now, he seemed taller—he is a shade under 6 feet—and thinner, except for his hands, which are

huge and do not fit the body. He sat and responded politely through the translator. Yes, he would race in the Tour de France despite the talk; yes, he was feeling fit; yes, he was a slow starter, but the season was young, etc. etc., but, sorry, it was past his bedtime. He would be up at 4:30 to prepare for the race. With a promise to meet again, he rose to leave.

The manager produced another poster, this one smaller, a portrait for Eddy to autograph for the American. It showed Eddy leaning on his orange bicycle in a shirt with five bars of color—blue, red, black, yellow, green—and *MOLteni* written above the bars. "Only one driver is allowed to wear such a shirt," said the manager. "The champion of the world. All the colors of the rainbow. All the countries of the world." He turned the poster over and printed *FAEMA* on the back.

Before Molteni, he explained, Eddy's team sponsor had been Faema, a brand of Italian coffee (Because of the expense, Belgian firms do not sponsor top cycling teams.) He held the posters up and recited a popular Merckxian slogan taken from the

POSTCARD

Eddy and his wife Claudine share a moment in their home outside Brussels.



letters of the name: "Faites attention, Eddy Merckx arrive!—Be careful, Eddy Merckx is coming!"

The smell of Nupercainal was heavy in the cramped rooms on the second floor of the hotel at Ghent. Eddy Merckx smelled of the liniment. His legs, long

Wherever Merckx races, a carload of spare wheels and parts is sure to follow



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRANN FILLARD

andropy rather than thick with the consolidated muscle one might expect in a cyclist, were shaved and rubbed down; novocain had been shot into his back where he had twisted several vertebrae in an accident in the Pyrenees in March. It had happened halfway between Paris and Nice, at St. Etienne, when the Dutchman, Gerben Carsten, fell in front of him at 35 mph. Eddy plowed into him and was flipped into the air like a tidiedy-wink. He landed on his back.

"It could have killed him," said Van Buggenhout, as Eddy dressed. "He got up and tried to continue, but he could not. It is better now."

The Molteni trainer was drying his hands. Around his stained table were the bottles and tubes of odorous balms that the flesh must have to keep the mind from dwelling on its weakness. The administration of drugs (most especially amphetamines) is not unusual in cycling, but there are rules. Once, in the middle of the 1969 Tour d'Italie (Giro), which Merckx has won three times, he was accused of taking a tranquilizer. This is legal in Belgium but outlawed in Italy.

A urine specimen was taken; the lab report was positive. "It was sabotage," said the manager. "You cannot be sure of the Italians. They are tricky." It was never proved that the urine sample was actually Merckx's. When he was exonerated, it was too late to rejoin the race. In the Tour de France that year Merckx demanded to be given a urine test after each race day.

"You must be made ready," said Van Buggenhout, "or you will get the cramps. Eddy got the cramps last year in the Liège-Bastogne-Liège. His stomach had been bad for three days, and he did not train enough, and it was a very heavy race. He is alone, four minutes ahead, on the last hill at Cottes des Forges when he gets the cramps. Georges Pintons of Antwerp catches him two kilometers from the finish, and they are head-to-head in the sprint onto the track. There Eddy loses the cramps, and he wins the race by this much—" The manager opened his arms wide.

Eddy had put on his Adidas shoes and had donned black briefs and a black-and-white T shirt with MOLteni on the chest. He postured, matador fashion, before a cracked full-length mirror, adjusting his helmet. The padding crisscrossed the top of his head like strips of crust on apple pie. It is minimal protection. At Blois in 1969, on the indoor track, the pacing motorbike fell into the lead cyclist, who was directly in front of Merckx. Merckx careened off the pile of ruptured metal and fell onto the balustrade. He was unconscious for two or three minutes. The pacemaker was killed.

"It is a very dangerous sport," said the manager. "People are killed, people are injured. Eddy has fallen many times, but it is good fortune that he had only the one bad injury to his back."

Eddy Merckx smiled a good morning at his visitors.

"Before a race he is very nervous. He paces, he goes to his mechanics again and again to check. When he is like that, something is going to happen."

"And today?" asked the American.

The manager shrugged.

The attendants of the Molteni team had been up since four a.m., preparing packets of food—cheese and meat sandwiches, bananas, rice pies, containers of tea—and, on the sidewalks out front, the mechanics ran expert hands over the glistening sprockets and gears and the spinning tires of the bicycles and brushed

the chains with lubricants. The food packets—*maquettes*—would be relayed to the cyclists at checkpoints en route. In this race, the Tour de Flandres, there would be 150 racers. They would start on the northeast side of Ghent, head toward the North Sea to Eeklo, then west to Torhout, south to Kortrijk, east to Geraardsbergen and then back to Ghent, finishing at the depot. It would take six hours plus for the winner to cover the 160 miles. The Tour de Flandres is called a "classic," one of eight or so races thus designated, and is 60 years old. It is not as demanding nor as laden with consequence as a true "tour," such as the Tour de France, which goes on for 23 days and covers 2,400 miles, and the Tour d'Italie, 22 days (including a day of rest) and 2,250 miles. The classics and the tours are the economic lifeblood of the competing teams (Molteni; Ferretti, the furniture manufacturer; Sonolor, the television company; Watneys, the English brewery; Novy, Dublin-Bubble, bicycles and bubble gum). First prize in such a race may run as high as \$10,000, but the purses are divided among the *domestiques*. The star (Eddy Merckx, who has an annual salary of \$60,000) will make his big money appearing in 60 to 80 "exhibitions" a year, short races of 60 to 100 miles, requiring as little as two hours of his time. For which he earns no less than \$2,000 and as much as \$4,000 a race.

First prize at Ghent would be \$3,000. The bicycle, the one Eddy Merckx would start out on, was in an anteroom downstairs being watched over by his mechanic. The manager introduced the American to the bicycle, orange and shimmering and as delicate as a water spider, weighing no more than 21 pounds. At other races, in sprints against the clock, for example, the bike would appear to be the same, but it would weigh as little as 18 pounds. There would be duplicate models of the bike on the roof of the trailing Molteni car, to substitute in case of a breakdown. In a tour Merckx generally uses three bikes (he went through 12 in the 1968 Giro), but today he would probably get by with one or two. There were also extra clamping wheels in case of a flat tire, a near certainty on the rough Belgian-block roads and the twisting rutted paths.

It had begun to rain, and the odor from an oil refinery on the far side of town came in on a strengthening wind

that raised goose bumps and the skirts of the girls circling the bicycles on the street.

"It is good, the rain," said Van Buggenhout. "Eddy likes the rain. He is strong, stronger than most. But the wind. Ah, I do not like the wind. The wind can do things. It is a one-day race. Anyone has a chance. On a tour no one can say, 'I can make it alone against Eddy.' No one. But in a one-day race anything can happen."

The manager and the American went back into the restaurant for coffee and there joined Claudine Merckx and the wife of the team's first assistant coach, Robert Lelangue. Passersby stared and whispered at the sight of Claudine, much as they had upon seeing her husband. She was a trim young woman in a flashy leopard coat, with lustrous hair and intense brown eyes.

The manager said Claudine was pregnant with her second child. Their daughter Sabrina was now two. They had met, Claudine and Eddy, eight years before when Merckx was still an amateur and he had come to her house to see her father, the Belgian national coach. He came again to see her father, Claudine said, and then again. After a while her father ascertained it was not him that Merckx was coming to see.

She had been speaking in English, somewhat gropingly but with great animation, then suddenly, in conversation with the manager, she switched to French. She seemed angry. The American remembered having been told that Merckx's first coach had been relieved after a run-in with Claudine.

"What is it?" the American asked the interpreter.

"It is private," said the interpreter.

"Yes, but what is she saying?"

"It is very private," said the interpreter, shaking his head and smiling. "But she seems petulant. She is petulant."

"It is the way of the Brussels girls," said the interpreter.

Merckx appeared in the lobby, dressed and ready for the race. The Molteni cycling hat, brim up to reveal the sponsor's name, obscured the padding on his head. MOLteni showed in five places on the hat and was on the front, the back and both sleeves of his shirt. Molteni was getting its money's worth. Eddy went to Claudine, kissed her lightly, handed her his wallet and left.

Claudine and the manager waited at the table. Women were not allowed in the official cars that follow on the course, said the manager, and that was not the way to watch the race, anyway. They would drive to a place further on, see how it was going there as the cyclists passed and then speed ahead to other vantage points.

The manager ushered the men outside to his Peugeot; Claudine Merckx glided through the crowd to her husband's silver 3½-liter Mercedes. The two cars moved off.

"Did Eddy break many hearts when he married Claudine?" asked the American.

"Ah, yes, many," said the manager.

"He must have been very romantic."

"Oh, no, not at all. He was romantic only with his bicycle. Claudine was the first girl. Claudine is very good for Eddy. Eddy has to worry only about the bicycles."

"The coach, is he important?"

"Not for Eddy," said the fourth person in the car, a wrinkled little man with bad teeth who was a friend of Van Buggenhout. "He is his own coach. Eddy is a, ah, nature—"

"Natural?"

"Natural. *Le Grand Merckx*. The natural."

"What is it that separates him? Why is he so much better?"

"He has no weakness. He is not a real climber, but he climbs. He is not the strongest in the sprint, but he is very strong. Downhill, ah, a terrible *déscendeur*."

"Terrible?"

"Fantastic. He is like a calculator. Once he was timed at 80 kilos an hour. That is 50 mph. What a discipline! The others do not know how to handle him. They try everything. They try to be naughty, to shut the door on him, and still he comes. They stay behind, make him set all the pace, and when he goes, they go. But when he goes, they are liable never to see him again."

"It is a matter of temperament. The people still speak of what he did in the Tour de France of 1969. For 70 or 80 kilos, over three very nasty peaks of the Pyrenees, he goes. Solo. Nobody would think to do such a crazy thing. They would die, and never make the finish. But at the finish Eddy is the only one on sight."

"And he does this more than once?"

"Oh, many times," said the manager.

"He was on the cover of *Paris Match*. His heart, his lungs and his passion for winning make him the champion. The doctors have measured his heart-beat. It is only 40 to 48 beats a minute. Even when he has been riding, it is only 60 or so. They have measured his lung capacity. It is six to seven kilos. The average is no more than five. From a medical point of view, he is not normal."

"It is said that he races too much, that he will burn out," said the American.

"He trains hard, 250, 300 days a year. Twenty thousand miles. He competes maybe 120 times. But also he wins more than anyone has ever won. He recuperates quickly. Recuperation, that is the word you must remember about Eddy Merckx."

The rain had stopped by the time the two cars reached the first vantage point at Maldegem. Claudine Merckx had stayed hard on the manager's rear bumper throughout.

"She drives like a maniac," said the American.

"Yes," said the manager.

Claudine swung her Mercedes around to facilitate a quick exit, and the group got out to stand beneath a Chiquita Banana sign to wait with the gathering crowd. Traffic was already immobilized. A helicopter could be seen in the distance. Claudine complained about something to the manager. The interpreter said it had to do with an insufficient number of spare tires on the Molteni car. He raised his eyebrows.

Suddenly there was the blast of a siren, and a motorcycle policeman hoveled into view—the advance man clearing the way. At that speed, however, if the way had not already been cleared, he would have done it spectacularly.

What followed was an anarchy of sight and sound. Sirens and incessant horns. More motorcycle policemen. A comic cavalcade of advertisers' cars, some done up in the shape of their products (a beer bottle, a lemon), their riders flinging vinyl toys, bubble gum and cigarettes to the crowd, their loudspeakers blaring music and slogans. Then the official cars with the press (how could they report on and photograph what was going on behind them?) at alarming speed. Next, after an interval, the flag car, and then the cyclists: a massive whirlgig of metal, the riders with their rumps up

continued

and heads down, legs driving, chains clicking, looking like the inner workings of a giant clock whose lid had been lifted for the occasion. After them came the mechanics in their cars, noses pressed to the windshields, spare wheels on the roofs spinning slowly backward. Then, abruptly, silence. The lid closed. They were gone.

"Did you see Eddy?" shouted the manager. "He was fifth."

"Yes!" said the American. "No, I—it was so quick. They all looked alike."

"Come, we go," said the manager.

They drove, hard, to Lichtervelde, once more in time for the full concert of strens, horns and slogans. When the cyclists came the American counted the time he was able to keep the leaders in view: six seconds. "Eddy is third," announced the manager. "He is in good position. Did you see?"

"Yes, I think so," said the American. "He had his mouth open. But then, . . . Well, there is no distinction of style. I mean, nobody plays like Pelé, so you know it's Pelé. When you see Muhammad Ali, he is distinctive, and he is right there. They all ride alike."

The interpreter did not bother to interpret.

"Eddy has a style," said the wrinkled little man. "Very powerful. They say if any other racer tried it he would fall off his bicycle."

At Deerlijk they parked on a side street. Rain began to fall before the cyclists arrived. A chant had started. "Eddy, Eddy, Eddy," not loud but steady and atonal, like an incantation, more statement than cheer. The manager received word by radio that Eddy had had problems (had he fallen?) and was forced to change bicycles. He was fifth as they passed, speckled with mud. They were stretched out in bunches now, the mechanics' cars interspersed between them.

After the fourth stop the American accepted Claudine's invitation to switch to her Mercedes to get to the finish line in Ghent. The manager had decided to head for the hotel. Claudine said she especially wanted to be there to commiserate with her husband. She tried to explain why Eddy would have a hard time winning now; that at this point there were others who would beat him in the sprint. "How can I explain what is happening if you do not know anything?" she said. As she talked she waved one

hand but still manipulated the car beautifully, with a kind of controlled frenzy. She reached the station 20 minutes ahead of the caravan.

The long homestretch was hedged on both sides with people. Taverns along the way were open and jammed, the patrons sipping beer and staring at television sets showing the race. Claudine ordered a lemon drink. When it was announced that the cyclists were near, she hurried outside and down the line to a point where she could intercept Eddy when he slowed down. The American got up on a photographer's platform to try to see the finish. He was asked if he had enjoyed the race. The American said yes, "but it is impossible to see."

"If it is not in your blood," he was told, "it cannot be put there."

Eddy Merckx came in seventh, mud-died beyond recognition save for a couple of moltenes. Claudine kissed him when he paused where she stood and then, head down, he rode on in the rain to the hotel.

Merckx? Escove et toujours Merckx?

There is a book retelling in Brussels and Paris whose first chapter begins that way. There is another, *Mes Carnets de Route 1971*, Eddy Merckx's diary of his season, whose last chapter is entitled *Mission Accomplie*. No cyclist ever had a season like it: of the 120 races he entered Merckx won 53 (think of it as Henry Aaron hitting .442), including his third consecutive Tour de France. This month he is going for No. 4, a feat equaled only by France's Jacques Anquetil in 1961-64. Halfway through the race he is in first place and is the overwhelming favorite to win. The French, who reason, after all, that it is their party and who invited him, anyway, have not taken the spread of Merckxism cheerfully. Their writers pout ("He takes the fun out of cycling") and complain that the Tour is "losing its passion." Their racers, it has been written, "would not recognize Eddy Merckx on the street because they have seen him only from the rear."

Unable to find fault with Merckx's performance, they twist him for his lack of panache. Louis Bobet, who won three Tours de France in a row, says, "Merckx is almost too professional. My generation of cyclists felt that as *voleurs* [public figures] we owed something to our audiences. We were excited when we

won, angry when we lost. Our encouragements vibrated with our excitement. Merckx is interested only in cycling, and in winning."

Merckx, says Anquetil, "is as cold as any cyclist I have known. All cycling champions have *sang-froid*, and all of us like to win, but Merckx must win all the time. And not by a mere 20 or 30 seconds but by five or six minutes." But Anquetil is compelled to add that Eddy Merckx "is in a class by himself."

It is evident now, too, that Merckx has acquired an added dimension that often comes to those in sport who win as if it were foreordained. His impassivity, even if nothing more than shyness, gives him an inhuman quality, like that of those dire men who sleep on nails, and the many times he has come from behind to triumph have had their effect.

Consider two incidents in the 1971 Tour de France.

No. 1. Luis Ocana, the Basque from southern France who is considered the only threat to Merckx's primacy, had built up a lead of several minutes. That night reporters crowded around Merckx in the hotel at Océres-Merlette, asking "What happened?" "Aren't you worried?" One observer recalls that Merckx's face was totally impassive. "He might as well have been asked if he preferred chocolate to vanilla." All he said in reply was, "There is a lot more of this race to go." The next day he rode like a demon, and made up two of his lost minutes. ("For all his majesty," says Anquetil, "Eddy Merckx enjoys a fight.")

No. 2. On the 17th day of the tour, in a rain-washed gully in the Pyrenees, Ocana, the leader now by 7:23 minutes, slipped and went down in the mud, and Merckx, in his wake, came tumbling after. But Merckx got up, looked to see if Ocana was all right and took off. Ocana sat there by his stricken bike, presumably waiting for a replacement. And as he waited, said a witness, you could see his morale drain. A third cyclist rammed into him, passing over his stomach.

While the French press went to work on the (gleeful) premise that Eddy Merckx, vulnerable at last, would never have won were it not for the luck of the accident and echoed Ocana's prediction that he would "beat Merckx next time," a curious thing happened. Merckx went on to win the world championship at Mendrisio. And Ocana went into eclipse.

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He did not win a tour or a classic in 1971. He did not compete at all early this year. "He is saving himself [for the Tour de France]," the French newspapers optimistically reported. "He is crazy," said the Belgians. "You cannot make a season on one race." Which remains to be seen. One thing is known. Everywhere that Merckx went Ocaña was sure not to follow.

Journalists who know him best contend that there are two Eddy Merckxes. One is the cold, deadpan killer cyclist. The other, at home in his villa outside Brussels, is congenial, outgoing and something of a chatterbox.

The Merckxes live in a modern yellow glass-brick house with a gray roof on Avenue des Bescasses in the Brussels suburb of Kraainem. Its features include conical aluminum lights, paintings of Eddy by Maria Esmeralda, the daughter of ex-King Leopold and a devout Merckxist, and a huge picture window overlooking the backyard, which sweeps to a cluster of tall trees. The trees were already greening when the American came to visit last spring.

Eddy was at home in a turtleneck, Claudine in a long dress with a slit up past the knee. She served coffee and pastries. Van Griethuysen had brought the American there and was grousing about the French writers. Van Buggenhout said Claudine had been upset that morning by an article quoting a French cyclist's prediction that this was the year Ocaña would win the tour. Claudine said she refused to show the article to Eddy.

"But it does not really matter," she said, "because when he loses, tomorrow is another day. And when he wins, tomorrow is another day. It is the same."

Eddy had been to the doctor; he had had no pain in his injured back after the Ghent race and there was no more need for shots. He was in good spirits. While the others had coffee he got himself a chocolate drink and lounged in a massive suede chair.

Asked, he traced his ascent. How, as a schoolboy, he had had "the passion" for bicycling. He recalled that a teacher had asked his class to tell of its ambitions, and he had replied, "I want to be a champion bicycle racer." He said when the news came that Stan Ockers, the champion of Belgium, had been killed on the track at Antwerp, he ran sobbing to his room and would not come out for dinner.

"Ockers was the complete man," said Merckx. "A climber, a sprinter. He came from six minutes behind to win the world championship in Rome. It was unbelievable."

Merckx's father had a grocery store in the suburb of Woluwe St. Pierre. His mother did not want him to race bicycles. "She did not believe in the possibilities," he said. "She said, 'Go to school.'" She wanted him to be a professor of physical education. But in school he dreamed of spinning wheels. Especially he dreamt in French class. His grades were uniformly poor. His French was a disaster.

When his mother went to the seashore following a minor operation, Eddy "took profit to go in a race at a small fair. Sixty kilometers. I finished sixth." He was 16. On that same day (July 16, 1961) Jacques Anquetil won his first Tour de France.

Ultimately Mother Merckx relented. She agreed to let Eddy drop out of school to try cycling for a year while working in the store, delivering groceries. His first bike—a one-speed model for amateurs—was purchased from Felicien Vervaecke, a pre-World War II Belgian champion known as The King of the Mountains. Already Vervaecke could see that "Eddy had the temperament: race, race, race."

In 1964 Eddy won the world amateur championship at Sallanches, France. In 1965 he turned professional; in December 1967 he married Claudine. In 1969 he was driven through the streets of Brussels in an open car to a reception at the palace, the first Belgian winner of the Tour de France since 1939. "The people went completely crazy," said Van Griethuysen.

Eddy sipped his chocolate and reflected as the American speculated on what an insular, solitary thing riding a bicycle for distance must be; that it was the appetite of a loner, like swimming channels or photographing insects.

"I do not need to have company to be happy," said Eddy Merckx.

"What, then, is having a good time? I mean, apart from winning Tours de France?"

"He likes music," Claudine said. "Fats Domino. Louis Armstrong."

"He is happy when he is in the basement," said the manager.

"Basement?"

"Come," said Claudine. She led the way down to a mare's nest of sprockets

and gears and wrenches; a neat row of 100 wheels, the tires kept on them for as long as three years, curing (the older, the tougher) in the cool of the basement; an assortment of bicycles and a treadmill on which a bike could be ridden. There was a sauna and a large portable mirror Claudine said she held for Eddy so he could see himself as he pedaled on the treadmill. She said she would sit there by the hour, holding the mirror or watching Eddy tinker at his workbench, drilling holes, experimenting with his seats (on hills, he sits nearer the front of his bicycle; on the flats, nearer the middle; on a rough road, all the way back).

"A bicycle is not a toy," said Eddy Merckx. "It must make money. It must be at its maximum. I have a certain illness in my head about the angle of the seat. When I am racing I am sometimes not sure I am in a good position. So one time I changed the tilt. But it was wrong. I had to change it back. Eddy Merckx does not cause a revolution in bicycle design. Racing a bicycle, it is a feel. Knowing the weaknesses, the time to attack, the importance of strategy. From 1962 to 1964 I change much physically. My legs grow longer. They are still growing in 1966 and 1967, and much is made of this, but they are not longer than many others'." It is not a question of morphology but of feel. And, as always in sport, desire.

The American eased into the question. Was there, ah, perhaps, a point champions reach where the effort becomes too painful and the victories less gratifying? What could he possibly look forward to?

"I do not look forward," said Eddy Merckx. "I live day to day. If I thought about the future, it would be a negative thing. Now I do not have the time to think of the future."

In fact, he said, he would have to excuse himself now. He had to leave for an appointment to shave for a TV cameraman or to drink mineral water for a still photographer. Something like that.

When the American left, he turned to look back at Eddy Merckx's villa. He made a mental note that the millionaire's grass was badly in need of cutting. He wondered which French journalist he knew would see in that a comforting sign of decay. It pleased him that he would be keeping the knowledge to himself. *Score, Merckx. Et toujours.* **END**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 11-17

HOBBS—**FLORY PATTERSON**, 17, attorney for Tim Aug. 21 (ranch owner, Maharashtra, Az), scored a 100 over Pedro Aguirre at the end of round six of their scheduled 18-hole round at the Singer Bowl in Queens, N.Y.

SHERR—In the world championship chess match in Reykjavik, Iceland, Bobby Fischer, who earlier forfeited a game by failing to appear, defeated Boris Spassky, but he still trails in games 2-1 (fourth).

BROWN—**CINDY POTTER** of Bloomington, Ind. captured the one- and three-meter vinylboard titles at the AAU vinylboard diving meet in 1-4 mile, Pa., but fell short in her bid for a repeat of last year's title of titles when **JANET ELY** of Ann Arbor, Mich., took the 10-meter platform championship. **KEITH KASBY** of Long Beach, Calif. talked down fourth place on his last dive from a top performing claymer Dick Rider for the 10-meter platform title. **DON DUNFIELD**, the indoor champion from Santa Clara, Calif., was in eighth in the 10-meter, Ohio's **MIKE JINERMAN** the three-meter.

GOLF—**LEE TREVISNO** finished a 34-foot chip shot on the 17th hole of the augmented 10-end Jack Nicklaus' 18-hole at a Grand Slam with a one-shot victory at the British Open at Hazeltine (fourth).

BOE ALLARD, 23, of Portland, Ore., defeated Quaker's Rick Schatz 71-74 in an 18-hole playoff for the National Public Links golf title. The pair had tied at 285 after the regulation last rounds over the par-70 Cuffin course in Indiana Park.

HARRIS RACING—**SPEEDY CROWN** (34.20, 104.20) driver driving, captured the 100-mile, 112.5-mile International Triathlon in three corners of a length triumph over Canadian driver Fred Walker at Rossmore Raceway in his first and only victory by an American driver in the race since 1964 (fourth).

ALBA TROSS the 1971 Hennes Home of the Year, because the company must over 50,000, will be set a mile record (11.51%) 4-4 (100-100) course on a half-mile track at Santa Rosa Springs.

HOBBS RACING—**QUACK** (37.20, Donald Proulx Jr., Ind. the U.S. record) won the 100-mile (100-100) triathlon in his first and only victory by an American driver in the race since 1964 (fourth).

WEST COAST SCUBA (10.66), owned by Buffalo Bill Proulx, Ralph White, scored a one-length victory over Haddock at the 501,300 Haul-Haul Handicap at Monmouth Park.

CLOUDY DAWN (511), ridden by Bill Harlick, edged favored Running by half a length to take the \$10,755 Dwyer Handicap at Aqueduct.

ROTOR SPORTS—**EMERSON FITZPATRICK** of Boston, driving his Lotus-Road at an average speed of 113.08, crossed the finish line 4.1 seconds ahead of Jackson Stewart to win the Spanish Grand Prix in Brands Hatch, Fitzpatrick, who had already won the Spanish and Belgian Grand Prix, actually has posted best over Stewart in the World Driving Championship to 14.

JOE LEONARD, driving a Porsche-Offenbacher, scored to victory in the Michigan 200 at the Michigan International Speedway in Cambridge, Junction. Earlier, in gaining the pole position for the 500-mile race in five races in this year's Championship Trial of the United States Auto Club, Bobby Unser recorded the fastest qualifying lap in the history of auto racing—199.379 mph.

BROWN—**JIM DIETZ** of the New York Athletic Club scored an impressive 100-mile victory over Van Buren 10 to win the single mile at the 19th annual national rowing championships on the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia. **LARRY HOLGREN** and **CHUCK LYNN**, former Olympic, representing the Stanford Rowing Association, finished first in a field of five in the elite pair-sit-and-sit-oars event.

SAVING—**ALAN HOLT** of Baltimore, Wash., won the 100-mile, pointed Richard Galt at his own, gained an Olympic berth in the U.S. team which he stepped to two first, two seconds and two third in week-long trials on San Francisco Bay.

WOMEN—In the National Amateur City Court Championships in Augusta, **ROSS WALKER** of London defeated James the Lady of Potomac, Md. 4-2, 7-6, 6-3, 6-4 for the men's singles title while **JANICE METCALF** of Champaign, Calif., the defending champion, defeated favored Joanne Lynn, China's youngest player, 6-4, 3-6, 6-0 for the women's crown.

TRACK & FIELD—**DAVID BEDFORD** of England scored to the second fastest 5,000 meters ever (13:17.20), took 3 of the world mark set on points by Australia's Ben Challenor at a second race at the Amateur Athletic Association Championships at Longdon Crystal Palace, Bedford ran the (100-100) meter race in the world this year (37:32.8).

HILFSPORTS—**APPROVED** by the National Basketball Association's board of governors, the sale of the **BOSTON CELTICS** to Robert Schwartz, who also owns the World Hockey Association's New England Whalers. At the same time the brand

passed the sale of the **CHICAGO BULLS** to a group headed by Marvin L. Brennan, one of the original owners of the Milwaukee Bucks, pending his acquisition of a lease for use of a Chicago arena. Arthur Wirtz, one of the Chicago Stadium, is involved in another bid for the team.

HURD—At head basketball coach at North Adams (Mass.) State College, **LARRY SHEPHERD**, 33, former Boston College, who played on the last world championship team (1964-66, '68-69) in his nine-year career. Signed was a player for the Arizona Hawks last season.

NAMED As president of Charles Foley's three-point franchise in the ABA, **ADOLPH RUFF**, 70, the newspaper colleague has made much in his career. In a 10-year career in Kentucky, Ruff has won 879 games, four NCAA titles and six NBA titles. He was forced to step down after last season when he reached the university's mandatory retirement age. At the same time Ruff announced that a new name for the team, TAMU, had been selected from over 15,000 suggestions submitted by fans. "I'm for Tennessee. A lot for Arkansas, which is right across the river, and St. Louis for Mississippi, which is right across the river," he explained.

SATIFIED By a 213-151 vote of the International Lawn Tennis Federation, the agreement that ends the war between Lamar Hunt's World Championship Tennis and the ATP was approved. It is allowed to compete at the United States Open Championships at Forest Hills in August.

SENSELESS **EMPIRE**, the 100-mile sports commission corporation, and its subsidiaries included two known Mafia figures, in California for their firm in being the underdog ownership of a Las Vegas casino. It is now said the corporation probably of \$10,000, Anthony J. Zarda, the former president of Haul Park racetrack in Detroit, and Michael Polizzi were found a total of \$80,000 and sentenced to 30 for four years after.

TRADED By Carroll Rosenbloom, the BALTIMORE COLTS, to Robert J. Trap for the LEO ANGELES RAMS, which Trap had just purchased from the estate of Daniel J. Berber for \$10 million, the impact almost paid for a professional sports team. Rosenbloom has wanted to leave Baltimore for over a year but needed the new franchise with \$10 million to avoid paying capital gains taxes of approximately \$4.4 million. Don Klemm, Col. general manager, will move to Los Angeles and be replaced in Baltimore by Joe Thomas, former Miami Dolphins personnel director.

CREDITS

12, 13-1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

FACES IN THE CROWD

BOB BYMAN, 17, the youngest competitor at the recent U.S. Open and a senior-to-be at Fairway High in Boulder, Colo., totaled 285 for four rounds over the par-71 Denver Country Club golf course to earn his second consecutive N.C. Morris state medal at play title.

ANN RUTZ of Suffern, N.Y., became the second woman ever to win the Professional National Archery Championship three times as she compiled an all-time high aggregate score of 1,175 (including a record 299 outdoor single) out of a possible 1,200 at Grayling, Mich.

AGGIE BORDS of Chattanooga scored six firsts at the Tri-Cities Spring International swimming meet at Kingsport, Tenn. She broke South-eastern AAL records for girls 10 and under with a 37.1 in the 50-meter butterfly and a 39.0 in the 50-meter backstroke.

ROY JOHNSON, of Warren, Ohio, established a new world record in the style event when he won the overall title at the National Parachuting Championships in Tallapoosa, Okla. He is the only man to win the title four times.

ROY YOUNG, a Just graduate of Elizabeth Ann Johnson Memorial High, Mount Morris, Mich., won the state Class B 100- and 220-yard dashes the last two years. Competing in five events at each meet, he has run a 9.4 100, a 20.9 220 and has long-jumped 23' 4".

JOE LENTINE of Serra High in Whittier, Calif., which competes in the highest division of the state's Interscholastic Federation, South Section, made first team all-around in football, basketball, baseball and track. He also set a league long-jump record of 22' 1".

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WHO TO AND WHEN

Sirs:

Congratulations on a fascinating article (*It's Not Only How To, It's Who To and When*, July 10) on the step-by-step procedure of putting a football into the air. It gave us fans an idea of the thousands of things that race through a quarterback's mind during the seconds in which he must handle the snap, drop back and set up, read the defense, pick up his receiver and throw a precise pass.

It should be a lesson to those who too easily criticize this key figure. We should all show more appreciation of great quarterbacks, especially Johnny Unitas, the greatest of all.

PAUL J. REMATEK

Colonia, N.J.

Sirs:

You've got Johnny Unitas on the cover for the July 10 issue and we're in the mid of the baseball season. It's not even the All-Star break yet. But football, I love it.

TOMY PRINCEPTE

Toledo

Sirs:

A very good article, indeed, if you happen to be a year-round football fan. Personally, I cannot see Johnny Unitas on your cover in the middle of the baseball and boating seasons, much less the eve of the Olympics. Maybe next January before the Super Bowl you can get Bill Muncy and Henry Aaron to give us a few tips on their respective sports.

MARK VADARZ

Long Beach, Calif.

OAR AND JAB

Sirs:

When you captioned the picture "The gabbing Ali, always in top condition, talks on" (*Apoxy and Ecstasy*, July 10), I hope you were talking about his mouth being in good condition, because that's all. When and if he faces Frazier you can spell Ali M-U-D.

RANDY KOEDYS

South Egremont, Mass.

Sirs:

Tex Maule excellently described the Muhammad Ali-Jerry Quarry fight, but he could

have called it a championship fight. Muhammad Ali showed the world that he, not Joe Frazier, deserves the heavyweight crown.

Since the Frazier-Ali fight, the official champion has fought two mediocrities in states that require only perfunctory physical exams. Before Frazier became champ, he never indicated an unwillingness to fight, or a desire to visit Louisiana or Nebraska. Ali whipped Frazier very thoroughly, yet not enough to impress the resident judges or certain elements of the general public.

Muhammad Ali has recovered from his "defeat" and gone on to beat Ellis, Mathis, Foster and Quarry. They may not be all-time greats, but, given the current state of boxing, they aren't too bad. If another active fighter has the same record, his name escapes me. The only reasonable challenger left is George Foreman. Let Ali fight Foreman for the heavyweight championship.

RAYMOND S. THOMPSON

South Bound Brook, N.J.

Sirs:

I must contradict Mark Kram. Roberto Duran's foul certainly dwarfs the dimensions

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of his victory. Although he was the superior fighter for 13 rounds and clearly the victor, the needless and obvious low blow was appalling and should not be ignored. What is boxing coming to when the referee is forced to physically stop the fight after the bell and when a man may hit below the belt without fear of penalty? He says, "The complaint by the Scot provokes no credibility or sympathy." Are we to assume Mr. Kram does not believe that Buchanan was hit below the belt? Are we to assume he doesn't care that the Scot was dealt a low blow after the bell? This type of apathy, on the part of boxing officials and even among such astute observers as Mr. Kram, is not only harmful to the sport as a whole but could be harmful to the individual fighters who would, and legitimately so, be wary of entering the ring with the unreprimanded low blow a strong possibility.

HARRY BALLD

Medford, Mass.

CHECKMATE

Sirs:

Bobby Fischer is maybe our best, but he is a poor representative of the U.S. (*A Sad-dest Statement in Reprint*, July 10). I hope he loses.

BRUCE HICKY SR.

Cardington, Ohio

Sirs:

Since nobody else seems so inclined, isn't it about time SI blew the whistle on the phony buildup for the Spassky-Fischer chess "confrontation"? Perhaps chess players enjoy it (I wonder), but to the general public it is nauseating.

C. D. SHEPARD

Alameda, Calif.

BOOY BEAUTIFUL

Sirs:

Thank you for your objective portrayal of the little-known and apparently misunderstood sport of physique contests (*Cosmo Some Fancy Fitness*, July 10).

Body builders are dedicated athletes who make significant sacrifices by restricting their diets and engaging in years of rigorous training. For weeks before a contest we eat only protein foods and drink only water. Workouts take two to three hours a day, six days a week. Perhaps this is why so few compete: the cost of entry is very high in physical output, time and willpower.

"Competition takes place on four levels, novice, junior, senior and professional. The top three contestants in the novice and junior classifications are obligated to move up to the next class in order to provide fair competition at the lower levels. We hope

that more individuals will be encouraged to take part in these contests.

Dr. PAUL F. MURRAY
Newport Beach, Calif.

PIRATE POWER (CONT.)

Sirs:

I read with great interest, and at times chuckles, your article pertaining to the Pittsburgh Pirates (*Four Murders at a Row*, July 3). Steve Blass seemed either excited or upset because Manny Sanguillen, a .300 hitter, was batting sixth in the lineup. I wish to point out that the 1950 Boston Red Sox had a catcher, Birdie Tebbets, with a .310 average batting eighth.

Walt Dropo and Junior Stephens both had 144 RBIs. Dropo was the rookie of the year and the Red Sox set a modern record when they scored 49 runs in two games against the old St. Louis Browns. In one game they beat the Browns 29-4, a modern record for most runs in a game now shared by the Chicago White Sox.

Despite all this power, Boston changed managers in the middle of the season. Mel Parnell, the Red Sox' best pitcher, was in a slump. He eventually ended up with an 18-10 season, but the rest of the pitching staff was out to lunch. And the Yankees, Boston's old nemesis, won the pennant. The Red Sox finished third.

The Pittsburgh Pirates are in the same boat. Pitching is the name of the game, and no matter how much power you have it doesn't mean a thing if your pitchers don't have that swing.

JOHN E. PARISI

Wareham, Mass.

GRADUATES (CONT.)

Sirs:

I found John Underwood's article *The Graduates* (July 3) very interesting and informative.

I have never been too interested in the academic statistics of a Big Eight football team before. However, I am wondering if Nebraska's team had 19 football players listed as seniors and eight were eligible for their degrees, how many of Oklahoma's players were listed as seniors and how many received their degrees.

GENE BAYLESS

Oklahoma City

• Oklahoma had 19 seniors, four of whom received degrees.—ED.

Sirs:

Surely the Big Eight conference, with Nebraska at the top, was head and shoulders above the others in the land on the football field. In fact, as one Nebraska player stated in the article, "Football at Nebraska is

rock-solid



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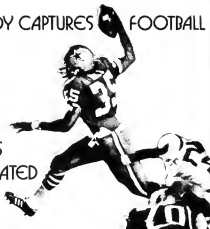
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like pro football" is it worth the price. I bet the big guard with the embroidered waist strap and the quarterback who mended a 10 fall-semester classes would say so.

STEPHEN L. COLEMAN

Birmingham

Sirs,

Having had over the years some experience with former football heroes, I have found that many are prepared neither academically nor psychologically to enter the business world.

Coach Bob Devaney and his staff of "character builders" for tomorrow's world are not much different from many other major college coaching staffs. To learn how it should be done, they would all do well to read *Joe Paterno: "Football My Religion"* about the head football coach at Penn State University.

PHILIP P. MITCHELL

Atlanta

EARLY FOOT

Sirs,

As is well known, the UCLA basketball team has won eight NCAA national championships in the past nine years and has won the last six. The teams have won 32 straight games in NCAA tournament play.

Over these nine years there have been tall players and short players. There have been fast players and not-so-fast players. There have been several assistant coaches. The home courts have ranged from Santa Monica City College to Pauley Pavilion on the UCLA campus. There has, however, been one constant in this remarkable record—namely, the head coach, John Wooden.

For five of these nine years I was the chancellor at UCLA and thus had an opportunity to observe Coach Wooden in all of his aspects. Never in the field of college athletics have I known a more honorable and decent human being. These personal characteristics when combined with a professional performance that is never likely to be equaled—motivate me to urge that Coach Wooden be made *SPORTS ILLUSTRATION's* "Sportsman of the Year" when in the fall you get around to that choice.

Dr. FRANKLIN D. MURPHY

Chairman
Times Mirror

Los Angeles

Sirs:

The most logical choice at this time would have to be the all-around thing man of the Boston Celtics, John Havlicek.

DAVID COBB

Portsmouth, R. I.

Address editorial mail to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATION*,
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